THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVIII.—No. 1411

DECEMBER 31, 1930

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Enjoy a Happy New Year with THE BYSTANDER

THE BRANDY WITH A DESERVED REPUTATION.

COGNAC
FROMY
ETABLIS 1815 (30 ANS D'AGE) FROMY, ROGÉE & Cie COGNAC

PRIZED BY CONNOISSEURS.

Agents:
H. LE FORESTIER & CO., 6, Buckingham St., W.C.2

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

Free sample sent on receipt of 12 penny stamps to cover packing and postage.

DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
9, Union Street, Edinburgh.

COGNAC
ADET
The finest Brandy procurable.
British Agents:
Lavender & Langley, Ltd.,
Adelphi, London, W.C.2

BEFORE AND AFTER SPORTS
No matter what the weather may be, you need never fear its effect upon your skin if you protect same by regularly using
Larola
upon your face, neck, hands and arms before and after exposure. It protects the skin from frost and cold winds leaving it soft and velvety and with the bloom of perfect health 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.
If your Complexion be too pale, try Larola Rose Bloom—it's lovely, 1/- per box. LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box.
From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from—
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

CADBURY
Maker of fine Chocolates

The Sale of the Season

Woollands

"Quality" Sale

Remnants Half Price Each Thursday

Commences JAN. 5th for 4 Weeks

K.69. — 50 dozen **Knickers** in pure wool. **Exceptional offer.** Rib waist and at knees, closed. In black, white, beige, nigger, and grey. Women's and Outsize.
Usual Price 12/11.
Sale Price 8/11
Outsize.
Sale Price 10/11

65 Dozen only. Best Quality 40 fine gauge, Pure **French Silk Hose,** with pretty openwork clox. A smart day or evening stocking, in beautiful shades for either occasion.
Usual Price 19/11
Sale Price 11/9

	Usual Prices	Sale Prices
K.71.—75 dozen **Knickers** with elastic at waist and knee, in a few colours and medium size only. Artificial silk.	7/11	5/-
Same shape in Artificial Silk and Wool.	10/11	8/11
Artificial Silk	11/9	8/11
Superior Quality	15/11	13/11
Milanese Silk. Women's ..	25/9	19/11
Outsize		21/9
Superior Quality	39/6	35/9
Heavy Quality	49/6	45/9
Spun Silk	39/6	36/9

50 dozen. Fancy Fine Quality **Sports Hose,** Usual Prices 8/11 and 10/11.
Sale Price 5/11
In pretty, small designs and fashionable shades of browns, fawns, and grey.

K.61.—50 dozen. Vests in pure Scotch wool, winter weight, *as sketch,* in medium size, also with ribbon shoulder straps. White only.
Usual Price 12/11. **Sale Price 8/11**
Outsize **Sale Price 9/11**

K.62.—75 dozen. Vests in fine Indian gauze, low neck, no sleeves or with ribbon shoulder straps. White only. Women's and Outsize.
Usual Price 15/11. **Sale Price 10/11**
Chemise length.
Usual Price 18/11. **Sale Price 12/11**

K.55.—20 dozen. **Combinations** with lace edging in silk and wool. Medium weight, **Sale Price 27/9.** Heavy weight. **Sale Price 33/9**

K.56.—55 dozen. **Combinations** in pure Scotch wool, winter weight, shape as sketch, in Slender, and Women's. Usual Price 18/11. **Sale Price 12/11** Outsize **14/11**

K.57.—40 dozen. **Combinations** in fine white silk and merino in all sizes, shape as sketch. Usual Price 25/9. **Sale Price 16/11**

K.58.—Gauze spun silk **Combinations** in white or pink, Slender, Women's, and Outsize. Usual Price 33/9. **Sale Price 29/6**

K.63. — 45 dozen. **Exceptional offer. Vests** in pure Milanese Silk in white, pink, or peach, *as sketch,* medium size only.
Usual Price 15/11.
Sale Price 12/11

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

The Bystander, December 31, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1411. Vol. CVIII

Peter North

MISS BUNTING STEPHENSON

One of the latest Society girls to go into commerce is assisting Lady Victor Paget in the scent department the latter has opened in the flower shop run by Miss Nellie Taylor, the actress, in private life Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster. Miss Stephenson is an expert motorist, and engineering is her hobby.

WITH THE IRISH HUNTS

Miss Anne Gregory (left), Miss Dorothy Aubrey-Thomas and Miss Hawksley. They are seen at the meet of the famous Galway Blazers held at Dunsandle, near Athenry

Top: The Hon. Eileen Preston at a meet of the Louth Hounds at Gormanston Castle, the seat of her eldest brother, Lord Gormanston, the Premier Viscount of Ireland

Lady Athlumney (left), the Duke de Stacpoole and Mrs. Gould-Shaw. They are seen at a meet of Ireland's premier pack, the Meath, at the residence of Capt. R. H. Fowler, the Joint-Master

Bottom: Mrs. A. Willis (left), the wife of Mr. Archibald Willis, the Master, with Wing Commander W. F. Don and Mrs. Don at a meet of the Killultagh Harriers. It was held at Wing Commander Don's residence, Dunore, Killead, Co. Antrim

A general view of Klosters, the popular winter sports centre. The season in Switzerland is now in full swing and crowds are flocking there in search of health and of sport on ice and snow, of which there has been a good fall

The Passing Hour

WELL, Christmas is over, and New Year's Eve is here. Another twenty-four hours and we will be starting on 1931. When 1930 came in, people breathed a sigh of relief, raised their glasses, and said, "Thank goodness, this year cannot be worse than last." They had said that exactly three hundred and sixty-five days before, and each time they were wrong. The third time is lucky, however, and perhaps 1931 really will see us better off.

ONE hope of future prosperity is based on the exiguous chance that America may grant us a five years' moratorium in connection with our War debt. This is not so impossible as it may seem. For it is not philanthropy, but sheer common sense, that suggests the possibility. The truth of the matter is that our imports from America have shrunk tremendously in the past six months, and American economists realise that they will shrink still more if something is not done about it.

A DECREASE in our purchasing power is a matter of the gravest concern to the United States. And the only way of putting things right is a moratorium, which would enable us to decrease our income tax and other taxes temporarily, and permit us to start buying in the world's markets again. A moratorium would mean at least sixpence off the income tax, and I should be not at all surprised if it eventuates.

Lord and Lady Willingdon photographed in Canada during the former's Governor-Generalship. Lord Willingdon, who has been appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Irwin, has had considerable experience of Indian affairs, having been Governor of Bombay and Governor of Madras

NEW YEAR'S EVE has not yet passed, however, and any of you who have not made the final plans for bringing in the New Year could not do better than to pay a visit to the Albert Hall, where the Chelsea Arts Ball is to take place. The Chelsea Arts Ball is the only one at which the Englishman really sheds his reserve—and other things, too. But if you go, get a box if possible, do not arrive before 1 a.m., and wear the least expensive fancy dress available. It is sure to be ruined, but you will have a very amusing time in the process.

LONDON has been full of gaiety for the past few days. Indeed, it has been the most amusing place in the British Isles. All the restaurants have remained open. Most of them have been crowded. And though Miss

NO NEED FOR PESSIMISM

Beatrice Lillie is in St. Moritz, and Samuel Goldwyn and Lord Castlerosse are in Berlin, and although Lord Hailsham and Sir John Simon have been in the country studying the Trades Disputes Act, everyone has had a very good time. The smartest place of all in the evening has been Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia. By this, I suppose I really mean the side-shows there. The most unexpectedly familiar faces have been visible at the Freak Show, for example.

WHAT will 1931 bring us? I hate to be gloomy, but in view of the fact that firm after firm will want to claim a rebate on its income tax over the past year, it looks as though Mr. Snowden is likely to be more unpopular than ever. I met a most gloomy man at lunch the other day. He earns £15,000 a year, and he looked round the restaurant after the coffee and said, "It is pathetic how few of the people here realise what is coming to them next year." Before he had finished his observations, I felt like going bankrupt immediately just to save the people in Carey Street the trouble of the initiative.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graves at Hector's. Mr. Graves is the "Daily Mail" columnist, and Mrs. Graves, who writes under the name of Miss Jane Gordon, has recently published a book on the care of children

ANOTHER NEW LOND

Left: Sir Percy Simmons (centre) the well-known so Hector's Restaurant. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Russell P Restaurant in Devo

Mr. R. A. Newman and Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calth Miss Gaby Vallee singing

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

Mrs. Knott (Miss Maud Moore) and "Quex," the famous gossip writer, at dinner on the opening night of Hector's

BUT things really are very much better than the pessimists think. We have the most astonishing recuperative powers of any nation on earth. We have money invested all over the world, and we are not an hysterical race. There is any amount of money available for investment, and every likely issue is immediately over-subscribed. And look at the gilt-edged stuff! It could not be standing higher. No, the worst is over. The price of raw commodities—anything like copper and cotton—is so low that the consumer is bound to get the advantage of it, and he will make the most of it. This means money will circulate freely once more, which in turn brings prosperity. Q.E.D., as they said at school.

THE JOYS OF SKI-ING

ONAURANT OPENS ITS DOORS

ci ex-Chairman of the L.C.C., and some friends dining at rsch. E. J. Pyke, who were among those dining at Hector's shi on the opening night

Ma Calthorpe, the daughter of thor's. They are listening to g ying of Alfredo Campoli

phs by Sasha

Mr. A. D. Sanderson, of Selsdon Park, talking to Hector Jaccarino, the proprietor of Hector's Devonshire House Restaurant

MEANTIME, it is always an annual surprise to me at this time of year that the Prince of Wales, like his brothers, has never been to Switzerland. It is one of the few countries in Europe which he has never sampled, and ski-ing is one of the few sports in which he has never indulged. And for one who is so keen on hunting this is surprising.

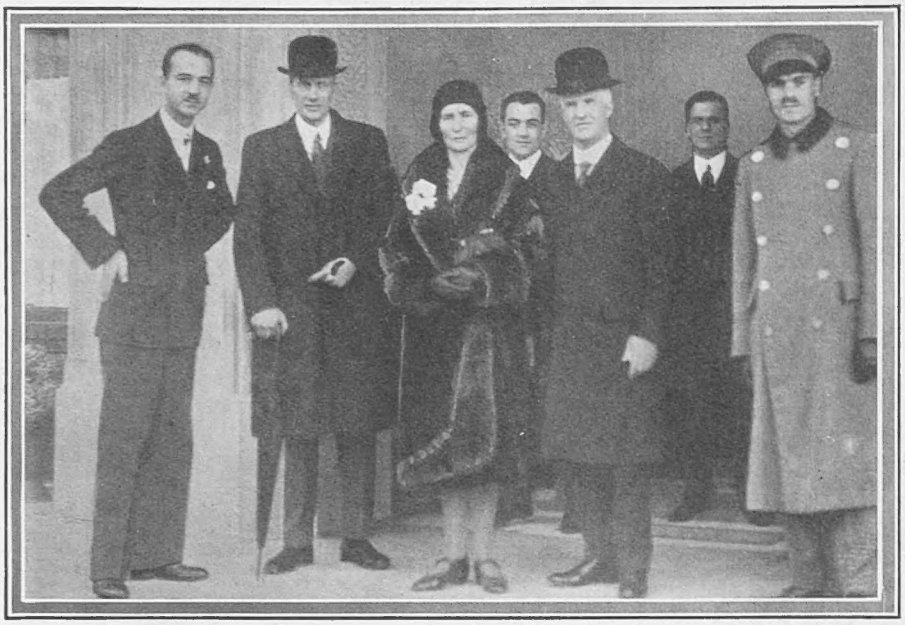
FOR ski-ing is the nearest approach to hunting that you can have. The same zest, the same risks, and a similar speed are all attained on skis. Moreover, you have the satisfaction of knowing that if you have a first-class cross-country run, the credit is entirely yours, and not partly that of your mount.

ST. MORITZ, Mürren, and Wengen are each likely to be crowded within the next ten days. Nothing will deter the ski-ing enthusiast from his favourite sport. And more and more young City men take their annual holidays at this time of year, instead of in August or September. You will not, however, find any of the first-class ski-ers, with the exception of Lord Knebworth and Mr. Christopher Macintosh, at any of the three places I have mentioned. The real "tiger" on skis goes either to the little hotel at Scheidegg, or to a small hotel above Caux, where there is twenty-two miles of ski-ing downhill with a funicular to bring you back; or to the Austrian Tyrol, where you have to climb every foot you descend, but where there are at least forty different runs and an occasional avalanche.

Sir A. Hamilton Grant and Lady Grant at Hector's. Lady Grant (Margaret Cochran) recently appeared in "A Marriage Has Been Disarranged"

THE severe kick that the Duke of York received while out hunting with the Pytchley the other day was kept a very close secret. At first it was said that he had been kicked on the head This was not so, but it was severe enough for the King and Queen to visit him on his birthday instead of him going to see them.

MIDGET GOLF ON THE RIVIERA



Mr. J. H. Scullin, the Prime Minister of Australia, Mrs. Scullin, and Mr. W. H. Bale photographed during their visit to Italy. They are seen on the steps of the Excelsior Hotel Italie, in Florence

YOU'VE got to realise, writes our Riviera correspondent, that midget golf, which may seem a bit old to you, has absolutely got us; not only do we play it in the open at Cannes and Mentone for cocktails between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., but we also play it at the casinos in Nice at 11 p.m., ending up at Maxim's at 2 a.m. At that hour, if you do the round in 36, free cocktails are awarded; unfortunately, one of our party did so. Never, never, my friends, drink a dry Martini at 3 a.m. on top of a quantity of mixed drinks.

APROPOS, here is the best true Riviera story: Auguste Boyer, golf professional of Nice, and one of the world's really fine golfers, went gay one night and decided to try his hand at midget golf. It was not a great success; in fact, the round took 54 strokes. But the crowning insult was when a waiter, whom he knew by sight and who was running the golf, went up to Boyer and said: "Monsieur will never play golf unless he changes his grip, which is quite wrong. . . !"

THE host of a high-brow literary party which I attended decided that we ought to improve our musical education by hearing Tito Schippa, the world's most famous tenor, who performed at the Municipal Casino, Nice, to an enthralled audience of over 4,000 people. Unfortunately, during the first interval, our most famous literary lion discovered another midget golf course, and I regret to say that, notwithstanding the super-excellence of Tito Schippa, he—and we—skipped.

Janet Jevons

MISS B. LACON

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. R. D. Ropner. She is the daughter of the late Sir Edmund Lacon and of Lady Lacon, of the Mill House, Sonning

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Add these half-dozen to the list.

MUEZZIN almost landed a coup at Hurst Park in a two miles hurdle race. Was pipped by an outsider, Dovedale. Follow up with confidence.

NICK OF TIME was the medium for a big gamble at Hurst Park. Although he led two hurdles from home, was beaten into third place at the end of two miles.

MONDUCO led the field for the greater part of three miles 180 yards at Hurst Park, but nearing home, Alike, the winner, set too strong a pace. Monduco was unplaced, but will make amends.

EPILOGUE was in front two hurdles from home but failed by a neck to keep out Dutch Gold at the winning post. Will win a two miles hurdle.

YEARLY was with the winner, Pattacota, most of the journey over two miles at Windsor, but had to be content with fifth place. Follow up.

MAGIC MOON carried twelve stones to third place over two miles at Windsor. Support each way in future.

Sir George and Lady Bettesworth-Piggott enjoying an alfresco cocktail in the sunshine at the Palais de la Mediterranée, at Nice. The big Riviera towns are now filling up steadily for the winter season

THE evergreen Nowell Downes was given a birthday party on his fortieth birthday by the youngest father-in-law a man ever had; in other words, E. Phillips Oppenheim. The latter's programme started the evening by seeing the British players in Edgar Wallace's *On the Spot* at the Monte Carlo Theatre, and afterwards going gay and forgetting advancing age by a visit to the Knickerbocker. It was a jolly party, as jolly, indeed, as the Christmas Eve gala night at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, Monte Carlo, which is, like the Hotel

AT THE HUNT BALLS

Metropole, under the management of Mr. Sheck. Nic-Fusly's Spanish orchestra has been engaged here for the season, while Comurati, well known to your Savoy Hotel patrons, is the Maître d'hôtel.

To return to foggy London, one of the most interesting collections of art in the West End is housed in the top two floors of a dealer in St. James's Street. It must be worth a prince's ransom, for it consists of the cream of Jewish religious art of all countries. There are tiny tabernacles in gold and fine jewels, and there are pictures of Jewish people by Rembrandt. The owner, who is the last of a long line of Jewish art collectors, is thinking of giving it to the nation. Let us hope he will.

Harris's Picture Agency

Indian art students who will represent "Guests from India" at the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall to-night, December 31. They are Miss Husua Jehan Hussein, Mr. Jamsed Cambat, Mrs. Shastri and Miss Shakurthala Stenzel

The New Year's Honours List has been kept guarded with even more care than usual. It is possible, however, to guess intelligently that a knighthood is to be conferred on Mr. John Maxwell. Few readers of THE BYSTANDER will know his name probably, and yet nearly all of them have been affected by his industry. Mr. John Maxwell is the Rothermere and Beaverbrook of the English film industry. Originally a lawyer, this clever Scotsman is almost entirely responsible for Elstree, and has so linked up the making, distribution, and the showing of English films that he is the virtual dictator of English talkies.

The Hunt Ball season is here again, and when we have barely recovered from New Year's Eve we will be at it all over again. On January 2 the Beaufort, the North Cotswold, the Devon and Somerset, and the North Norfolk are all having the annual ball. The same night is chosen by eight other hunts, three hospitals, the Sixth Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters, and the Fifth Battalion of the Gloucesters. Well, the clever people who run dance orchestras ought to do very well that night.

Yevonde

LADY EVELYN GRAHAM

The eldest daughter of the late Earl of Lovelace, whose engagement has been announced. Her fiancé is Mr. Mark Patrick, late of H.M. Diplomatic Service, the son of the late Mr. Colin Grant Patrick

They will indeed do well almost every night throughout January. On January 6 the Eridge and Middleton and Portman hunts all hold their balls. The following night is the date chosen by the Old Berkeley and the Grafton and the York and Ainsty.

THE Cosmo Club, 33, Wardour Street, are holding a special gala dinner on New Year's Eve, price 21s., but the club is open, of course, only to its members, an explanation we offer because in our survey of New Year entertainments a few readers are under the misapprehension that membership is not essential. Everyone who knows the cheery Cosmo is aware that it is the oldest law-abiding Dance Club in London, and none but genuine members with their friends are admitted. On January 7 the club is giving a children's party with very special gifts for all the little ones.

WE regret to state that in our issue of November 19 last a paragraph appeared regarding the withdrawal of the late editor, Mr. Gerald Barry, and his staff, from *The Saturday Review*, in which it was stated that they went off to found another Review. We now find that it was entirely contrary to the fact that they had left to found another Review, and further, that *The Week-end Review*, of which Mr. Barry is now editor, was conceived, founded, and produced, both in idea and in substance, wholly subsequent to his resignation from *The Saturday Review*. We therefore apologise for the error into which we have fallen, and express our sincere regret to Mr. Barry and those associated with him for any annoyance which suggested that they had treated the proprietors of *The Saturday Review* unfairly.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

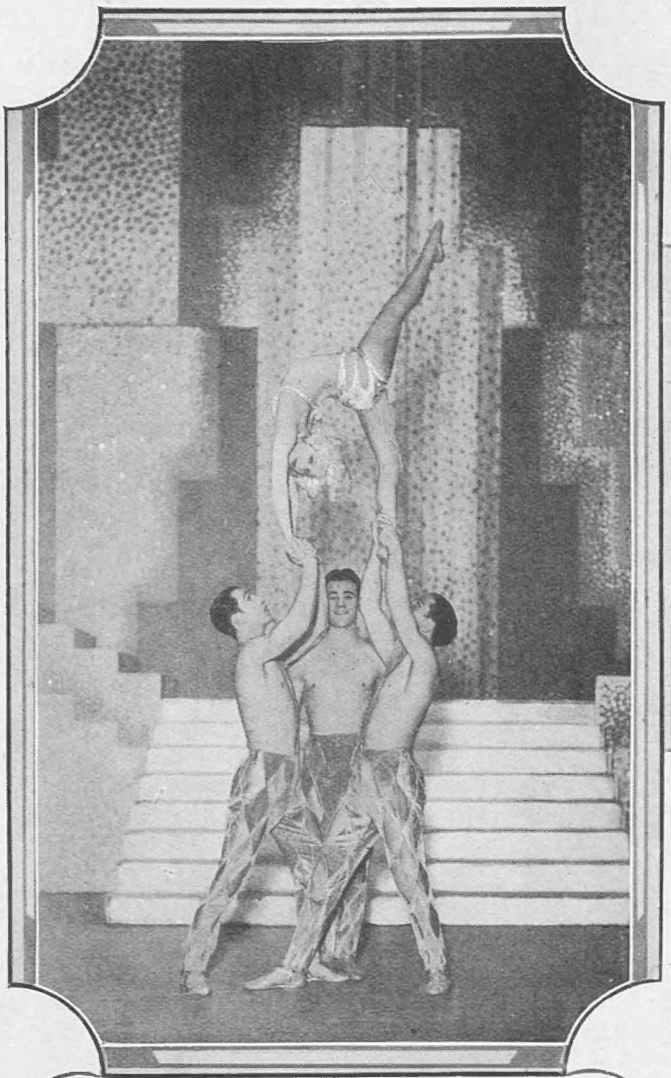
NEW YEAR'S EVE, DECEMBER 31, 1930

Cosmo Club: Special New Year's Gala. Members only.

Chez Taglioni: Grand Gala Dinner and Supper, followed by a Dance.

JANUARY 7, 1931

Wedding of Mr. R. P. Freeman-Taylor and Miss Leonora Williamson at All Souls, Ennismore Gardens.

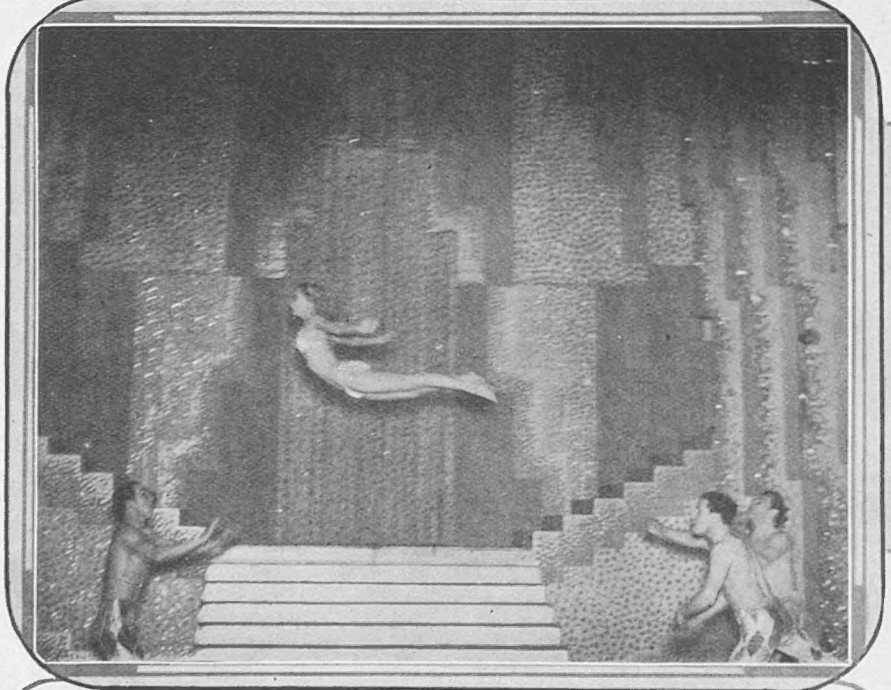


A feature of "Ever Green" at the Adelphi Theatre is the acrobatic dancing by Carlos, Chita and Co. Chita is the sylph-like figure being held aloft by Carlos and the "Co." in a scene enacted in the Casino des Folies, Paris

"EVER GREEN"

Spectacle is a feature of C. B. Cochran's wonderful showing the scene depicted above when a Festa dresses of the chorus, before which Jouce Barbour

Jessie Matth... order of...



A remarkable action photograph showing one of the daring feats done by Carlos, Chita and Co. in their acrobatic dancing. Chita has been caught by the camera in mid-air after being thrown across the stage by one of the troupe, while another waits to receive her

All the Fun of the Fair at Neuilly, showing the mar... Here the crowd, dressed in workaday attire, affor... formers attempting to entice spect...

production. The curtain rises on Act II, Major is taking place in Catalonia. The stands, are a riot of beautiful colour

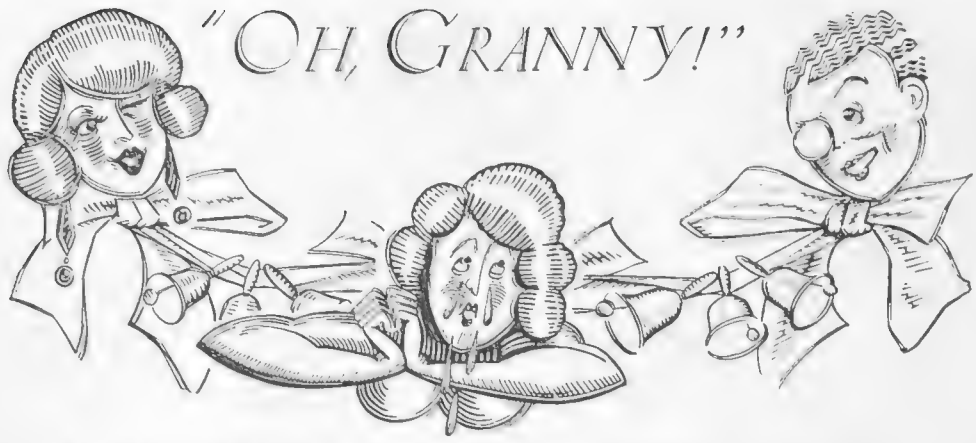
The picturesqueness of circus life has been used in "Ever Green," and the two principals, Sonny Hale and Jessie Matthews, who provide the love interest, are seen above inside a circus tent at Neuilly Fair, Paris

at the ADELPHI

ions which such fairs always provide in France. contrast to the picturesque costumes of the per- multifarious side-shows

Behind the scenes at the Casino des Folies, Paris, while a rehearsal is in progress. The plot deals with an actress (Jessie Matthews), who cannot grow old, seen in the centre, introducing her daughter (Jean Cadell) to Saint-Didier (Leon Morton) the producer

"OH, GRANNY!"



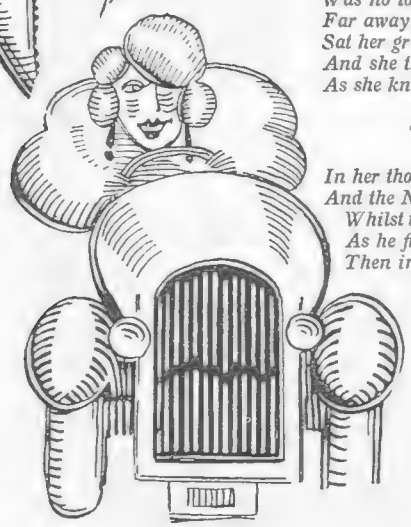
A SAD BALLAD OF THE NINETEEN-THIRTIES

SAD and lonely in her bedroom on a snowy New Year's Eve
Knelt a young and lovely maiden with a heart that sore did grieve,
Whilst the tears fell on her bosom from her sad and wistful eyes
As she faced the awful future with full many hopeless sighs.
Though the season it was festive woe was in her heart that night
As she thought of her old granny who had brought her to this plight,
Then still on her knees reclining she upraised her voice in prayer
To her dear old Mother's Mother who, alas, she saw not there:

"Oh, Granny, you've taken my lipstick,
"Oh, Granny, you've taken my car,
"My lovely new scent I willingly lent
"For I well know what Grandmothers are.
"You've taken my cami-bocks silken,
"You grabbed both my garters with joy,
"But how could you be so cruel to me?
"Oh, WHY did you take my best boy?"

Whilst the joyous bells were bringing messages of hope and cheer
Fast the teardrops fell in showers, but, alas, no help was near,
For the Grandma she had cherished with a love sincere and true
Was no longer there beside her and she knew not what to do.
Far away in wicked London where the wicked dance and dine
Sat her granny with her loved-one sipping at her champagne wine,
And she thought not on the damsel who must face her fate alone
As she knelt upon the carpet and in mournful tones did moan—

"Oh, Granny, you've taken my lipstick," etc.



In her thoughts she saw the city where the lights and laughter are
And the Night Club where her Granny feasted on roast caviare,
Whilst the youth she long had worshipped whispered tales he didn't ought
As he filled his evil innards with fresh oysters and with port.
Then in misery she staggered to a cupboard on the wall
And took down a poison bottle for she meant to end it all—
Gulping down the fiery fluid which her fair throat burnt like fire
She then gasped in tones appealing as she started to expire:

"Oh, Granny, you've taken my lipstick,
"Oh, Granny, you've taken my car,
"My crepe-de-Chine knicks you nicked in two ticks,
"Yes, I know now what Grandmothers are!
"You then took my brassiere flimsy,
"You sneaked my silk stockings with joy,
"But how could you be so cruel to me?
"Oh, WHY did you take my best boy?"

BRUCE WOODHOUSE

(All performing rights reserved)

DECORATIONS BY NORMAN KAY

BY HENDY

"I AM DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES!"

AT THE PLAY

SOMETHING NEW IN OLD CHELSEA

"Chelsea Follies," at the Victoria Palace

THIS new revue by Archibald de Bear and Reginald Arkell is everything a revue should be. There is a happy idea at the back of it, for almost throughout Chelsea is never left, and as this neighbourhood possesses a past (which turns Golders Green with envy) as well as a present, there is plenty of material there for the authors to work on.

ITEM one: Art. This gives a studio background, with artists' models, students, bottle parties and the like adding picturesqueness to the scene. Item two: History, Charles the Second, Nell Gwynne, "Ye Bunne Shoppe," and the inception of Chelsea Hospital, guaranteed historically correct, not to mention Thomas Carlyle, who appears later and, thank goodness, for not too long, as the Sage of Chelsea would put a damper on any merriment.

Palpably picked up at Stamford Bridge. Scotland for ever!

ITEM three: Chelsea Football Ground, a satire, and a very funny one, on the purchase of players from North of the Tweed. Items four and five: The River, which keeps sailors' hornpipes in the picture, and the Chelsea Potteries used for the Pelissier-like purpose of potting plays.

BUT the choice of a background is not the only happy idea. Chief among many others was the inspiration to give those admirable comedians, Nervo and Knox, a chance to show their paces. These two have, in times past, made me laugh louder and longer than any turn I have seen on the music-hall stage, and they appear to greater advantage than ever in a revue for the reason that we see more of them.

DURING the course of the evening they appear as revellers, street urchins, boxers, classical dancers, cinema actors, circus performers, and all sorts of other characters. Some of the turns have been seen previously, but these dovetail neatly into the show, and their fooling and knockabout fun, not to mention their marvellous dancing, are indescribably funny.

IN addition to these there is Hal Swayne's band, Naunton Wayne as a witty commère, a pretty pair of dancers in Peggy Cartwright and Toni Grecco, Lancashire lads, eight in number, Maisie Darrell, Hay Petrie, and other clever folk useful in a variety of ways; and as a final turn clever parodies by Lillebil Ibsen—who doesn't look the least like Henrik! Such a show should attract all London to the purlieus of Pimlico.

"Jane's Legacy," at the Duchess

EDEN PHILLPOTTS has given us the mixture as before in *Jane's Legacy*. Once more we are in Devonshire. Once more we see the rustic types which I, for one, have never met in that country. Once more the characters philosophise and quarrel in the usual Phill-potty manner. It is true that a change has been made in throwing back the action to early in the last century, but the only difference this makes is to give the cast a chance of wearing some effective costumes. Regretfully I state that so far as my individual taste is concerned, I find this Devonshire cream tasting a little sour, and this despite the fact that Louise Hampton, Viola Lyel, and Colin Keith-Johnston dispense it skilfully.

Some of the Chelsea Follies, who are "models" of deportment

Nervo an knocks tha boxing ac infinitel watch tha weigh

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF THE "CHELSEA FOLLIES," AT THE VICTORIA PALACE, BY H. H. HARRIS

"Smoky Cell," at Wyndham's Theatre

WE have heard so much in late years concerning the power of the "big shots" in America's crook-dom and the corruption of the police that the thing that surprised me the most in Edgar Wallace's latest play was the fact that only one highly placed police officer appeared to be openly in the pay of the super crook who was battening on the wealthy inhabitants of the town. This crook, one Ben Guinney, far from possessing a heart of gold, has the nasty habit of "bumping off" those citizens who refuse to pay for the dubious privilege of living in the Land of the Free, and, having bought one police lieutenant, decides to buy Capt. Tricks O'Regan as well. Unfortunately, this descendant of a thousand Irish kings is not having any, with the result that Master Ben finds himself in the gaol awaiting a visit to the "smoky cell," or execution room, where the officials propose to give him the shock of his life.

Sweet Nell of Old Drury and Old Chelsea (Maisie Darrell), plucks the currant from the Chelsea Bun Maker, (Hay Petrie)

AT the last moment, however, his gang comes to the rescue and the curtain to the second act falls on Guinney making his getaway from the prison and voicing a terrible vengeance on the police captain who was so regardless of the rules of the game as played in the smoky city and other centres of light and culture that he refused to be bought. The last act is devoted to the settling of accounts between these two gentlemen. There is plenty of action to be seen as the play warms up, and in one whole scene not a word is spoken. This is a pity, for whilst many dramatists can evolve a conventionally thrilling scene, few can invest their characters with the crisp, amusing dialogue that is one of Edgar Wallace's greatest merits as a playwright. With Wallace on the spot I prefer to listen to the admirably racy retorts which he puts into the mouths of his characters, to witnessing one of those strong, silent scenes even when it is as exciting as the one shown here.

BUT the public expects thrills from this dramatist, and there are plenty of them, and the all-male cast, headed by Bernard Nedell as the crook, Harold Huth as the police captain, and Percy Parsons as a subsidiary villain, all extract the most there is out of this latest dish served à l'Americaine.

Lillebil Ibsen shows how a prima donna of German extraction deals with a song

PUBLIC BODIES

Written after listening to the gramophone record composed of excerpts from the play, "Private Lives," rendered by Mr. Noel Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence

PART I

The record begins with sounds of breakfast in a boarding-house in Ebury Street.

NOEL COWARD: That orchestra seems to have a remarkably small répertoire.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE: If you say that again I shall scream.

NL. CWD.: I've said it in every one of my plays so far, and I shall continue to do so until the public grow aware of the fact. What are you doing here?

GT. LNCE.: I'm on my honeymoon.

NL. CWD.: So am I. We seem to make a habit of it.

GT. LNCE.: You want best honeymoons; we have them.

NL. CWD.: The next time you use a line I haven't written I shall have to cancel your contract. Tell me, what is your new husband like?

GT. LNCE.: He's a numismatist.

NL. CWD.: I thought all the copies had been seized by the Home Office. Do you love him?

GT. LNCE.: No, do you?

NL. CWD.: I only love you. Ours is the only honeymoon I've ever remembered. When Mr. Cochran and myself were going through all my honeymoons he said: "Noel, Noel, dear boy, take it from me, this is the only one likely to pay." I've never thought of any other honeymoon from that moment.

GT. LNCE.: They say—they say you've been travelling.

NL. CWD.: Every moment I look at you I know it is only you I have loved.

GT. LNCE.: Did you go to Brighton?

NL. CWD.: Darling, I want you.

GT. LNCE.: I've always wanted to go to Brighton. I've always wanted to have a honeymoon in the Aquarium. It isn't just like a gasworks, is it? I've always hoped it wasn't just like a gasworks.

NL. CWD.: Nothing is like a gasworks in the moonlight except you. You're so utterly, utterly undeceptive in the moonlight. D'you mind being like a gasworks in the moonlight for me, darling?

GT. LNCE.: I think I could be the whole Gas Light and Coke Company for you. (*A piano is lowered from the ceiling. They sing.*)

"... We are all the sweet things rolled into one;
We're like a plaintive melody
That never let's you free,
We're content the angels must have sent us.
To sing for H.M.V."

GT. LNCE.: Have you been breaking many honeymoons lately?

NL. CWD.: Yours is the only one I want to break.

GT. LNCE: No.

NL. CWD.: What do you mean?

GT. LNCE.: This is almost the hundredth honeymoon of mine you've broken. I'm through. Every time I find a decent husband either you or Mike Arlen come in and bust it and then clear off with the royalties.

NL. CWD.: But—but—— (*A piano comes down from the ceiling with a rush.*)

GT. LNCE.: No. Even if you sang one of your own songs I wouldn't listen.

PART II

GT. LNCE: It was rather wonderful, wasn't it?

NL. CWD.: What was rather wonderful, wasn't it?

GT. LNCE.: I mean our not going away.

NL. CWD.: If you think that stifling the one fine thing in our lives deserves the acclamation of the superlative, I disagree.

GT. LNCE.: But, darling, it would have been so awful. You would have been wearing that same dreadful dressing gown and—and I was so afraid you'd still look as terrible in the morning. Why don't you run away sometime with Elizabeth Arden? She'd fix you.

NL. CWD.: With branches in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and other European capitals. Thanks, I haven't the figure for a Baedeker.

GT. LNCE.: And we would have had to go to Paris, because London hotels don't let you run away.

NL. CWD.: I understand the L.C.C. have the matter under consideration.

GT. LNCE.: And you would have gone out to lunch with Elsa Maxwell and Elsie de Wolffe and all the other restaurants. And then there would have been the Ritz. It's always the Ritz. (A piano comes down from the ceiling.) Oh, Noel, darling, must you?

NL. CWD.: I'm afraid so. I can't think of anything else to say here . . .

(*He sings; to the tune of "My Little Grey Home in the West."*)

"In my little grey suite at the Ritz,
I drive all the girls into fits,
We have cocktails at four
And then we have more,
And lots of things other girls miss.
Oh, come to room seven-o-four,
Don't knock, just push open the door,
Oh! Some girls may be strong
But they never last long
In my little grey suite at the Ritz."

GT. LNCE.: Even if you wrote that I'd still think it good.

NL. CWD.: Thank you. It's by kind permission of Miss Sylvia Lyon.

GT. LNCE.: One of Landseer's?

NL. CWD.: I don't know. Darling, may I come and kiss you?

GT. LNCE.: Oh, darling! Please! Can't we keep sex out of this?

NL. CWD.: We live in such a wonderful age . . .

GT. LNCE.: If you're going to be philosophical I'm going to be sick.

NL. CWD.: Please do not interrupt; my public expect me to be philosophical. We live in a wonderful age. In Vienna, the scientists have evolved a race of sexless rats.

GT. LNCE.: Oh, darling! You don't mean it! You mean . . . Oh, darling, but how wonderful! and oh, darling, couldn't we go there? Life would be so wond——, marv——, lov——, so wonderful, so free! (*A piano is lowered from the ceiling. They sing.*)

"Good-bye to all that . . .
You used to be
The world to me
Good-bye to all that.
The price we'll pay
We must now say
Good-bye to all that . . ."

The record comes to an end with the sound of the Ostend-Vienna Orient Express, kindly supplied by the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens.

R. V.

BY HAROLD BEARDS

DRESSER: "I think I should know the man who stole your pearls if I saw him again"

ACTRESS: "Of course you would! You remember he arranged my suicide affair last season"

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"But, my dear, two years ago you told me you were twenty-five"
"Well, I'm not a woman who could say one thing to-day and another to-morrow"

If Gossip We Must.

"WHEN does your financial year start?" the late Sir Charles Hawtrey was asked by some official when his affairs were in an even greater state of "chassus" than usual. "Every day," was the bland reply. Let us start New Year's Day, after getting through with such wishes as may be for happiness and prosperity, with a financial touch. America does this. But she, fortunately for herself, does the "touching."

For when I was realising for the *n*th year in succession that Christmas is a time of fleece and goodwill, I read two items of information in the same paper and on the same day. One was that America alone among the allied nations entered the War with a lofty purpose and with no hope of gain. This is an extract from history books for use in schools in the U.S.A. and elsewhere.

Harry Preston, who has now recovered from his long and severe illness, takes a morning "cocktail" as ordered by the doctor. He is back once more in his beloved Brighton after a long rest in the Isle of Wight

THE other statement was not quite so lofty, but had considerably more truth about it. It was an official announcement by the British Treasury that we had just sent off to America £19,422,000—£13,661,000 being in respect of interest on our War debt to the United States, and £5,761,000 for repayment of capital. In July next we shall pay a similar sum, and go on paying it every half-year until the remaining trifle of £905,000,000 is wiped off. We did not incur this debt on our own behalf, but to lend (or, rather, give, for few of them pay anything back) to other nations engaged in the great struggle. We have already paid back £42,000,000 of capital and £223,000,000 in interest.

SO far from being out of pocket, America gets hundreds of millions of pounds of profit on the deal. Had the word "lofty" been applied to rate of interest instead of to ideals, it would have fitted better.

Having entered into that bargain, Great Britain will keep to it, and look as happy as possible

Sasha

MARJERY WYN

One of the clever young people who are helping to make the British musical comedy, "Nippy," such a big success. It is playing to packed houses at the Prince Edward Theatre

"Now that I've paid, perhaps you will tell me why you've been sent six little amount?"

"Well, I suppose because five times I didn't get it!"

New Year Resolutions

OUR Edgar Wallace might resolve to write
Not more than one new play or book a day,
Dean Inge might put all gloomy fears away
And write an Aldwych farce that's fast and bright,
Whilst Jacob Epstein (though I doubt it) might
For past monstrosities now well atone,
And raise a monument of (Marcus) stone
That R.A.'s vow to be a sheer delight.

George Bernard Shaw might swear that he'll be meek
And emulate the modest violet,
Whilst Edith Sitwell might resolve to get
One article accepted ev'ry week
On "Why I covet a Suburban Streak,"
And J. L. Sacks, with Oxford as his goal,
Might labour at his text books heart and soul
To win a scholarship in Attic Greek.

But one New Year resolve that won't be made—
For votes speak louder far than mere fair play
With politicians (save the mark!) to-day—
Is a resolve by Snowden that he'll aid
The helpless few who long have paid and paid,
And lighten loads that nearly break their backs,
By taking something off the Income Tax—
That's only our vain wish, I'm much afraid!

B. W.

during the process. But when I find serious American journals talking about their country's ideals and nobility, and when I find comic American journals rarely ceasing from having sarcastic cuts at this country, smiling becomes difficult.

WHAT we can do in the New Year, however, is to look into some of our laws and revise or abolish them where necessary. It need not cost anything. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, who receive large salaries and make enormous incomes out of additional fees, could turn their hands to the spade-work, and an unpaid commission could do the rest.

By Starr Wood

...mes for this absurd

The ridiculous tangle, for instance, into which we have got ourselves in the matter of the Lord's Day Observance Act shows how essential it is that we should no longer be ruled by a lot of damn silly regulations which may or may not have suited our great-great-grandfathers, but which are palpably absurd for us. There is far too much of this "dead-hand" business in our legislative system. Nations wear out laws, just as individuals wear out coats and need fresh ones of a more up-to-date cut.

Sasha

David and Erica Leslie, the clever young ballroom dancers, who have quickly risen to fame, invent their own dances. After a successful Continental season they are back in this country, and have been performing in cabaret. David Leslie, who was formerly in the Highland Light Infantry, is a nephew of Major-General George Leslie, and his wife is the daughter of Margaret Viscomtesse de Maistre

IF such a Commission gets going I hope it will be less puerile in its proceedings than the Licensing Commission, out of which I expect little good to come. These proceedings have not even made interesting reading. One point which has not been revealed is on what grounds "extensions" for clubs and restaurants are granted or refused. I know of some restaurants to which Scotland Yard gives "extensions" in plenty and with great regularity; other establishments, equally well conducted and with no blot on their 'scutcheons, often apply in vain. Why is this?

THE only fixed rule Scotland Yard follows in the matter of "extensions" is never to grant one on a Sunday night. The reason is that the Sabbath Day must be kept free from anything that approaches the carnival spirit. When it is realised that drinking (and with it, possibly, the carnival spirit) is legal on a Sunday until 10 p.m., and that what is actually asked for (and refused) is permission to drink in the early hours of Monday morning, this Sabbatarian excuse becomes the more ludicrous.

At Captain Buckmaster's Maurice Chevalier party all bottles had to be whisked off the tables soon after people had sat down to dine, simply because it was Sunday. The result was I saw flasks for the first time in a London restaurant. One large party had a case of champagne in a motor car parked in Stratton Street. All this clandestine business is as dangerous and as undignified as the causes that force it are futile.

I HOPE when C. B. Cochran gets going with his variety revival at the Palace he will give plenty of prominence to British variety turns, and let some of those performers have a look-in whose entertainment is not necessarily any the worse for being old-fashioned. One cannot, of course, run any business on sentiment, but there would be, I am prepared to bet, a bigger welcome for the sort of comedian or comedienne we used to see on the Oxford and Tivoli bills a score of years ago than most people imagine.

There are plenty to be found who are still in their prime. George Robey always packs any hall in which he sings, and shouts of laughter would again greet Harry Tate in "Motoring" or "Fishing." And (here a little sentiment is surely permissible) why not engage Arthur Roberts for the opening week? The old man, who, in his day, was the greatest of them all, is still working—wandering round the provinces with the "Veterans of Variety." C. B. C. gave him small parts in his revues a few years ago, and very good he was.

By Starr Wood

"You have one advantage over thin men"

"What's that?"

"You do know more or less where your cigar ash will fall!"

THE opera controversy drags on. We have questions in Parliament, statements from Col. Blois, of the Covent Garden Syndicate; statements and more statements from Sir Thomas Beecham, and general wrangling. There is more fuss about the paltry £17,000 a year that has been proposed as a subsidy than about anything from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 for doles, vote-catching and every conceivable type of spendthrift legislation that marked the year of grace 1930. All this is bad for opera, which is rather a timid plant. Music-lovers want more opera and less talk about it.

MY own view about an opera subsidy is, as I have said before, that it is in itself a good thing, but that it has been put forward at the wrong time and in the wrong way, and that the B.B.C., of whose musical direction I have a very low opinion, are not the best allies for the Covent Garden Syndicate to have. Mr. Ernest Newman's abuse of the Syndicate and his criticisms of Col. Blois do not help his own case. He declaims that the Syndicate have shown by their reasons that, to all intents and purposes, they know nothing about opera. He finds everything in the Covent Garden the reverse of lovely. He had, I remember, many faults to find with the Metropolitan opera in New York. And he hints vaguely at opera houses somewhere which do everything to perfection.

WHERE are these immaculate opera houses? In France? In Italy? Surely not. In Germany? I nearly always find in Germany poor orchestras and complaints that England and America snap up the best German singers. I think the perfect

Sasha

Nervo's impression of Knox as a première danseuse! These two clever knockabout comedians are playing in Archie de Bear's new revue, "Chelsea Follies," at the Victoria Palace

Joseph Greenwald, as Sam Wonder, and Elsie Bar" at the Savoy Theatre. This musical is now busy doing the

opera house exists only in Mr. Newman's dreams. If he has visited it will he tell the world where it is? It is inaccurate as well as unfair to deny Covent Garden any merit. Where, for instance, could be found a better collection of singers for German opera than Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Schorr, Melchior, Ivan Andrasen, and Habich, all of whom appeared last summer? What is wrong with such sopranos as Pampanius, Frida Lieder, and Ponselle? Bruno Walter has himself testified to the excellence of the Covent Garden orchestra. Mr. Newman has certainly made a cardinal mistake this time.

Stage Photo Co.

Randolph, as Inez, in a scene from "Wonder play, which scored a big success on the Continent, same thing in this country

AT long last Harry Preston, that friend of princes and prince of friends, is better—really better—and is pursuing something like his normal life at Brighton. He sends me the photograph you see on page 704 as a little memento of his "passing through the shadow." "The medicine handed by the nurse," explains the plucky little sportsman, "is a cocktail of strychnine, and the eminent surgeon who cut me up insists that I drink not less than one bottle a day. I am very 'cut up' about this, but obey orders."

I hope I shall be alive to split a bottle of a different sort with Harry on his hundredth birthday.

S

I HOPE—but not with too much optimism—that the powers-that-be in the film industry will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the lesson provided by the success of the French film, "Sous Les Toits de Paris," recently presented at the Alhambra. The magnates of the "talkie" world have for so long acted on the principle that the average member of the film-going public is scared stiff of anything that savours of the "high-brow"—as they loosely term any film that requires even the minimum of concentration to follow—and must at all cost be fed with the vulgar dope that is all too frequently seen in our cinemas. The public, however, would seem to have rather different ideas on this question, for they have been flocking in their hundreds to see this film, which is played in French by actors unknown over here, but which possesses the virtue of real artistry in production and acting. It is no part of my job to criticise the merits and demerits of this film, but there must be something wrong in the state of that Denmark which declines to see virtue in anything but blatancy and vulgarity. Anyway, here is a chance for our British producers.

Keystone

Jack Erlich, the 8 ft. 6 in. tall American, seen with a normal-sized man on his arrival in London. He is taking part in Bertram Mills's Circus at Olympia

BY FRANK WHITBURN

"That's Sonia Yetsofar, the famous dancer. She gets a Cabinet Minister's salary"
"Go on! And is that the old boy sitting in the car?"

THE CALL OF

By BLANCHE

Scaioni

A lovely model from Molyneux showing the new form of aureole brim. In black panne revealing a touch of white on the under brim. *Model Molyneux*

WOMEN may, at the moment, be divided (I had almost said roughly) into two distinct classes: Those busily engaged in a heart-searching quest for bargains and those who simply can't bear the sight of the "left-overs" hanging disconsolately on the rack. Happily there is room for both in the world—and the need. Bargains there surely are; seldom have there been greater ones with the slump in prices of which we are constantly, and rather painfully, being reminded. But as surely there is the demand for something new; just as surely as the Spring follows the winter. Ideas are now being born and created for the fortunate few who are going South in search of the sun.

FOR their particular needs, the mid-Season collections showed many delightful things to wear on beach, promenade, or for evening ceremonial, and while there is nothing very new, there are, nevertheless, new tendencies to be noted. The favoured ensemble is the light woollen or crêpe de Chine frock, generally in some bright colour, worn with a long, dark tailored coat. The latter can be flared, belted or cut with a diagonal front, but always the collars must be high and the cuffs wide and deep. There is, alternatively, the success of the short coat, either cut on perfectly straight sacque lines favoured by Molyneux, or the more general fitted waist and flared basque. The short fur coats have been, as I predicted at the beginning of the season, a succés fou. A particularly smart variation of it was worn by a fair unknown the other day; the short, beautifully cut coat was in a sleek, supple pony skin that shone like satin, worn with a glossy face cloth skirt and close-fitting black felt hat. The stockings and gauntlet gloves were also black, completing a striking yet severely simple outfit.

WHY certain phases of fashion are universally accepted and others pass almost unnoticed is difficult to define. The vogue, for instance, for turquoise with black seems to have got well over the footlights, so to speak, and sunk into all and sundry. Smart little girls going to and from work sport this spot of blue brightness to enliven their black frock and coat. The diamond clip is worn on hat and hair alike, while the bit of costume jewellery is just a part of modern femininity.

MUFFS are slow to be used by the average woman. Possibly it is an expensive etcetera she is loth to adopt. Yet exclusive dressers have taken to it, though still in tentative fashion. A novel way to wear the muff is to push it up on to the arm so that it is well out of the way and look like one of the new, seemingly misplaced cuffs that wander at will up the sleeve. Fur collars are interesting and short fur ties that slip through a loop or just tie, lift many a plain-tailored coat out of the mediocre rut into which we are rather inclined to place it.

IN the smarter London ateliers and exclusive dress houses many of the new Paris models may be viewed. For the South there are charming little sleeveless silk frocks with what have become classic pleats, starting from a tight hip line from just above the knee; there are tennis or

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs*

Miss 1931 greets the New Year clad in the newest version of high-waisted effect, and the swagger little coat are in a fine pink

THE SOUTH

B. ELLIOTT

By Scaioni, Paris

"Pyjamas pour la Plage." The full trousers, cut with a woollen material, with blouse and soft felt hat in white. Model Jean Patou

morning frocks in pale blues, many pinks and, of course, white. At one London showroom I saw a pale orange model from Molyneux of flame lamé, through the gloom of a winter's afternoon, like a shaft of light. There was, too, one of Augustabernard's successes in a deep black-blue satin, which moulded the figure in statuesque lines and then escaped from points on the hips into flowing lines of fullness to the floor. With it was worn a red chiffon scarf, without which few evening frocks are complete.

At this house, too, very clever little hats accompanied the suits and frocks, and it is cheering to know that one can buy in London, as in Paris, the correct hat to accompany the frock both in colour and in style, moulded to the head in the manner of the modern hat. One can no longer buy these things haphazard. The secret of chic is the careful combination of each dress detail. And while hats are still off-the-brow, dégagé affairs, there are many which have deep brims which frame the face and throw an infinitely becoming shadow over it, rather in the manner of the Molyneux model depicted here.

The newest line for the evening dance frock undoubtedly has the very full skirt which reaches to the ankle. This line with the higher waist and slim hip will best represent the silhouette of young Miss 1931. Hem edges of the ankle-length skirt are invariably scalloped or pointed. Uneven edges generally are a feature, and mark the hem of skirt, the border of a coat, a collar, and even a hat and a cuff. Another fashionable item of dress which should not escape mention is the lingerie cuff and collar. Often the former is a deep one and gives opportunity for delicate hand embroidery and the use of hand-made lace which has long been absent from our ensembles.

There is a hint of Spring in this charming suit made up of a plaid and plain tweed. The fitted waist-line and full basque shows a favoured line in the tailor suit. Model Worth

CLEMENCE DANE on the BOOK of the MONTH

"DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY" BY E. M. DELAFIELD

(Macmillan & Co.: 7s. 6d.)

EVERYBODY has his own idea of a red-letter day, and, of course, some are much grander than others. Not many of us have a chance to mark the calendar for "the day I won the Calcutta Sweep." Even that red-letter day "I met so-and-so" wears pink in time. Much better have a modest red-letter day such as—"the day I found five pounds in that old purse" or "the day she owned I was right after all!"

My letter day is always the day I get hold of a really funny new book.

I don't mean the sort of funny book you read once and never think about again. I mean the exquisitely funny book that you keep by your bedside and put in the visitors' room, and tuck in your suit-case on a train journey in preference to the longest novel of the hour.

THE first discovery of *Tom Sawyer* or Bradley's *Dick*, or *The Chronicles of Clovis*, or *The Diary of a Nobody*—these are my red-letter days. And now this last day of December I score another red cross in my memory—"Just read *Diary of a Provincial Lady* by Ella M. Delafield."

What a book! It begins so meekly, too.

"November 7th.—Plant the indoor bulbs": and ends even more meekly—

"Robert says, Why don't I get into Bed? I say, Because I am writing my Diary. Robert replies, kindly, but quite definitely, that In his opinion, That is Waste of Time.

"I get into bed, and am confronted by Query: Can Robert be right?

"Can only leave reply to Posterity."

Well, posterity hasn't had time to reply; but if contemporary opinion has any right to be consulted, then contemporary opinion answers that Robert doesn't know what he is talking about. I, for one, believe, on the contrary, that this exquisitely ridiculous epic of domesticity will rank with *The Diary of a Nobody* as a perfect picture of family life in an English village in the early twentieth century.

THE writer, the "I" of the story, is a woman of thirty-five or so, with an amiable, impeccable, maddening husband, two nice, ordinary children, a cook, a housemaid, a mademoiselle, an inelastic income, a circle of neighbours — and a sense of humour which is a cross between the humour of Jane Austen and the humour of "Elizabeth." Nothing could be duller than her life: nothing could be more inspired than her method of noting down the perpetual succession of dullnesses. She, poor lady, suffers; but we weep with laughter. Take, for instance, the following seasonable note—

"December 11th. — Robert, still harping on topic of yesterday's breakfast, says suddenly, Why Not a Ham?

Lafayette

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD

Whose delightful study of family life in a quiet English village, "Diary of a Provincial Lady," is the Book Society's choice for the month. Her first play, "To See Ourselves," is now running at the Ambassadors Theatre

to which I reply austerely that a ham is on order, but will not appear until arrival of R.'s brother William and his wife, for Christmas visit. Robert, with every manifestation of horror, says Are William and Angela coming to us for *Christmas?* This attitude absurd, as invitation was given months ago, at Robert's own suggestion

"(Query here becomes unavoidable: Does not a misplaced optimism exist, common to all mankind, leading on to false conviction that social engagements if dated sufficiently far ahead, will never really materialise?)"

IT is a fair example of how Miss Delafield flings her net and of how fine a catch she invariably hauls in. And the pleasant little slide-over to the Query about social engagements is not a bad example of the skill with which Miss Delafield varies her chuckle. Indeed, when you finish laughing and begin to re-read the book critically, you are impressed, even more than on a first reading, by the skill with which the material is chosen and put together. Reading Miss Delafield's astounding confection, one is reminded of the immortal encomium on Mr. Kipling's engineer—"If you hand him a drum of oil and leave 'im alone, he can coax a stolen bicycle to do typewriting."

There is no material whatever of any dramatic value in the book—the porridge is burnt: the bulbs (which crop up repeatedly) rot from over-watering: the unfortunate heroine plays ludo with Vicky: there is a bazaar—committee meetings—an illness—an engagement—a holiday. These flatnesses are the peaks of the diary: and yet, out of them Miss Delafield has constructed a portrait of a society whose truth everyone must recognise.

HERE are typical entries—

"January 14th.—I have occasion to observe, not for the first time, how extraordinarily plain a cold can make one look, affecting hair, complexion, and features generally, besides nose and upper lip"

"January 16th.—We all run short of handkerchiefs."

We all do, always! And have we not each taken part in the following dialogue:—

"June 27th.—Cook says that unless I am willing to let her have the Sweep, she cannot possibly be responsible for the stove. I say that of course she can have the Sweep. If not, Cook returns, totally disregarding this, she really can't say what won't happen. I reiterate my complete readiness to send the Sweep a summons on the instant, and Cook continues to look away from me and to repeat that unless I *will* agree to have the Sweep in, there's no knowing."

This dialogue—cannot say why—upsets me for the remainder of the day."

PERFECTLY true! We are always "upset for the remainder of the day." But which of us save E. M. Delafield could have conceived the idea of finding the matter funny, and persuading posterity to laugh with her? She makes us laugh at dreariness. That is her justification and the Diary's triumph and the answer to all the Roberts.

C. D.

BY LONGLEY

MISS 1931

"A JUG OF WINE—A BO

BY VERNON L. SOPER

OF VERSE AND—THOU!"

(With apologies to FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam)

"THE PROGRAMME SELLER"
BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

THE PROPERTY OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF PLAYER'S BACHELOR CIGARETTES.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE TIRED EYES OF THE QUEEN

By SEWELL STOKES

LULU PILSEN, the actress, awoke in the gaudy bedroom of her luxurious villa in Weitsz, the capital of Szczlomphsk, that harassed little country in mid-Europe.

She opened her eyes, but quickly closed them again, to shut out the vile colour-scheme of the room. The sheets of the bed were of black silk, a whim of King Gustavus the Thirteenth of Szczlomphsk. The hangings of the bed were of turquoise and shrimp pink, and these colours were reflected in the curtains, the walls and the carpet of the room, their ugliness being emphasised by the cold glint of the aluminium furniture. Lulu blinked with pain every morning, but she had to put up with it. Time and again she had beseeched the King to allow her to have the room redecorated, but in vain. Turquoise and shrimp pink were his favourite colours.

Yvonne, Lulu's French maid, put the breakfast-tray and the morning papers on the table by the bed, and pulled back the curtains.

"Oh, madame!" she exclaimed. "But you were magnificent last night! I was *thrilled*! Here are some notices for you to read. The critics all say the same; it was a great performance. You were splendid!"

Lulu stretched herself contentedly. If Yvonne had enjoyed her performance she must have been good. Yvonne was a better judge than all the critics of Szczlomphsk put together.

"And what a magnificent first night!" Yvonne continued. "It was the most brilliant audience I have ever seen. The King was in the Royal box with the Queen. It is the first time Queen Anastasia has seen you act!"

Lulu munched her breakfast greedily. She was externally thankful that she did not have to bant. The people of Szczlomphsk like their women to be plump, not like boys in fancy dress. While eating, she read a review of the play in one of the more sedate morning papers.

> ". . . Fräulein Pilsen was soul-searing in the bedroom scene in the second act . . . The play is not good, but what does the play matter when we have an enraged Fräulein Pilsen *en deshabille* sweeping the cosmetics from her dressing-table while her *amant* (Mr. Siegfried Funtsch) hides in terror under the bedclothes? . . . Their Majesties the King and Queen attended the performance, and were observed to clap enthusiastically . . ."

The more sensational papers had headlines on the front page, and without exception they praised Lulu's performance.

"You see," said Yvonne excitedly, "they are all agreed. The play will run for months, and your public will adore you more than ever!"

YVONNE chattered while her mistress finished breakfast. Lulu had eaten the last piece of toast, and was about to have her bath, when Otto Guttenberg, her manager, arrived.

He came into the bedroom bubbling over with delighted excitement, rushed across to the bed and kissed Lulu's hand effusively.

"Oh, Lulu!" he exclaimed. "It is the greatest triumph you've had so far! Everybody is talking about your performance. You are the talk of the town!"

"Shut up, Guts!" Lulu interrupted him. "I am always the talk of the town. There is no need for you to come and tell me that!"

Lulu surveyed him distastefully. He was a little man, dressed rather loudly, with an offensively large diamond tie-pin.

"There is gratitude!" cried Herr Guttenberg. "Have I not dragged you up from the gutter where I found you, and made an actress of you? Where would you be now if it had not been for me? Above all, am I not your husband?"

IT was true. The public liked Lulu to pretend that she was a virtuous woman, who had married her manager; but everybody knew that King Gustavus was really her most intimate friend.

Herr Guttenberg strutted up and down the room in anger, eventually coming to a halt in front of the dressing-table, on which were two framed photographs. One was a portrait of King Gustavus in his most magnificent uniform of turquoise and shrimp pink with aluminium buttons. It was signed: "To my Tootsy Wootsy from her devoted Bonzo." The other was the picture, obviously taken by a cheap photographer, of a handsome young man with a slender waist, in the uniform of a private in the Household Guard. This was signed: "To my darling Lulu from her adoring Rudolf."

"And this young man!" cried Herr Guttenberg, pointing to the photo of the private. "You must be more careful, Lulu. Last night he was in the stalls—in his uniform. Everybody was whispering about him. If you must give him seats for your first nights, for the love of heaven tell him to come in mufti! Before you know where you are the King will hear of it, and then where will you be, I should like to know? And why do you have his photo here? The King might see it."

"I put it away," said Lulu, "when Bonzo comes. You needn't worry, Guts. He would never believe that I have another lover. He thinks I adore him so much that I am actually jealous of Queen Anastasia!"

"But you must be more careful. If your public gets to know of your intrigue they will have nothing more to do with you. They know that I am your husband in name only, and they do not mind your deceiving me, but if they find out you are deceiving the King you will be ruined."

After a knock at the door Yvonne came in.

SEWELL STOKES

The talented author of this week's short story. He has several novels to his credit, and has lectured in the U.S.A. on Isadora Duncan, on whose life he is a recognised authority

Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER

(All rights strictly reserved)

"If you please, madame, there is a letter from the Palace. A special messenger has just brought it."

"Bonzo's congratulations, I suppose," said Lulu, breaking the seal.

"What does he say?" Herr Guttenberg asked.

"It's not from Bonzo," said Lulu. "It's from the Queen. She commands my presence at the Palace at twelve mid-day. Quick, Yvonne! Bring me some paper and my fountain pen!"

"The messenger has gone, Madame. He said there would be no reply."

"It is a command," said Herr Guttenberg, "not a request."

"But what can she want to see me about?"

"Perhaps to congratulate you on your performance."

"Yvonne, order the car to be ready at twenty to twelve. The new Rolls."

Yvonne hurried from the room.

"Guts, do you think the Queen knows about Bonzo and me?"

"If she doesn't she must be the only woman in Szczlomphsk who is ignorant of it."

"But, Guts, suppose that is what she wants to see me about! Perhaps she's jealous."

Herr Guttenberg looked at the photo of His Majesty on the dressing-table. Bonzo looked more like a comic commissionaire in a musical comedy than the King of Szczlomphsk.

"It can't be that, Lulu. No woman could be jealous of such a man."

Lulu took a cigarette from a box by the bed, while Herr Guttenberg rushed and lit it for her.

"It will be nothing, Lulu. Don't worry. Perhaps the Queen will honour you in recognition of your services to the Drama."

Yvonne returned.

"Now, Guts," said Lulu, "you must go!"

He left the room reluctantly. "How beautiful she is!" he thought as he went. "If only she were mine in fact as well as in name! Perhaps one day . . . who knows?"

As a rule, Lulu liked to linger in her bath. But this morning she hurried, for she had no time to waste.

SITTING in front of the aluminium dressing-table, she studied her face carefully, while Yvonne dressed her. Lulu had but three pleasures in her life. The first was to hear the audience clapping when she made an exit; the second was Rudolf's kisses; and the third was the sight of her own face in a mirror. For she was very beautiful. Her hair was fair, almost ash blonde, and naturally wavy. Her eyes were blue, large, and very languorous; her lashes long. Her mouth was rather wide, but expressive, and her teeth were small and pearly.

She put on a suit of cream hopsack with a short fur-edged jacket. The heavy fur cuffs emphasised the daintiness of her neatly gloved hands, and her head, in a little felt hat of such complicated folds that it was more like a geometrical problem than an article of clothing, nestled prettily in the high collar.

"Madam looks exquisite," said Yvonne. "Her Majesty will see that the King has good taste in some things even if his sense of colour is a trifle bizarre."

Lulu, pleased by the compliment, smiled. "That new hat from Schilska's," she said, "I do not think it suits me. You may have it, Yvonne."

"Oh, Madame, you are too kind! How can I thank you?"

Lulu waved her gratitude aside.

"Another careful compliment this evening or to-morrow," thought Yvonne, "and I shall get the black chiffon evening frock."

Lulu told the chauffeur to drive slowly. She had not previously used the new Rolls, and she must give the public an opportunity of noticing that she had a new car. Her green Hispano was readily recognised when she drove through the streets of Pentzden.

The car rolled smoothly along the wide roads past the ornate villas. Lulu took deep breaths of the morning air. She was feeling not a little nervous about the approaching interview. She feared that the Queen must have some unpleasant reason for sending for her.

"The Queen, who was seated at a litt'e escri of

Her Majesty led a retired life and took little interest in the affairs of Szczlomphsk. There had been a time when Queen Anastasia had frequently appeared in public. She had opened bazaars and visited hospitals, and had been a very popular figure. But now all was changed. People whispered that she was embittered by her failure to bear an heir to the King.

As they came to the narrower streets of the city Lulu's nervousness increased. She smiled as graciously as she could to the passers-by who recognised her, but it was a hard, harassed smile.

Many of the newspaper placards outside the kiosks bore her name. "King and Queen witness Lulu's Triumph." "Lulu's First Night—Scenes."

THE car was stopped by the soldier on guard outside the Palace, a handsome young man with a slender waist. As he examined Lulu's credentials he whispered: "This afternoon at three?" And Lulu whispered back: "Make it half-past, Rudolf."

Once inside the Palace, Lulu passed in a trembling daze from room to room, led first by one footman and then another, until she felt like a flag in a relay race. At last she came to rest in the Queen's ante-chamber, where she had time to apply a comforting dab of powder to her nose.

The window of the ante-chamber overlooked the Palace grounds. In the distance Lulu could see a fat man on a horse which he seemed to have some difficulty in controlling. Obviously it was His Majesty King Gustavus the Thirteenth taking his morning exercise.

"There is nothing for me to be worried about," Lulu told herself as she watched her paramour being bucked about in the distance. "I have nothing to fear from Queen Anastasia. She is not beautiful."

Braced by the thought, Lulu was ushered into the Queen's apartment. The doors closed behind her and she found herself in a dignified room with tapestry-hung walls. The furniture was discreet and the colouring sombre. Not a hint of turquoise or shrimp pink.

of a high window, rose and came slowly

THE Queen, who was seated at a little escritoire in front of a high window, rose and came slowly towards Lulu. She was a tall, thin, dowdy woman. Her dress of prune-coloured satin was too short to be smart. Her hair was an artificial chestnut and brusquely shingled; apparently she was making no attempt to grow it. Her mouth drooped at the corners and her eyes were tired.

"She must be fifty if she's a day," thought Lulu, as she curtsied—not very low, for her skirt was tight.

"It is so nice of you to come, Frau Guttenberg," said the Queen, in a weary voice. "Won't you sit down?"

She indicated a settee. Lulu sat down and found that the light from a window shone full on her face. "Cat!" she thought. The Queen sat opposite, her face mercifully shadowed.

"We were most impressed by your performance last night, Frau Guttenberg. It was really splendid."

"Your Majesty is very kind."

"We want to take this opportunity of congratulating you personally. You are a great actress."

Lulu contrived to blush modestly.

"We did not think so much of the play; it was a trifle vulgar."

"One must give the public what it wants, Your Majesty."

"Yes; a Queen has ample opportunity for learning that. It is a pity the classics are not popular. We should like to see you in a really good piece."

For a moment they were silent.

"What has she got up her sleeve?" Lulu wondered.

"We are surprised that an actress of your beauty and charm was not long ago snapped up by Hollywood."

"I have had an offer, Your Majesty."

"And you were not tempted to accept it?"

"Yes, tempted. But I did not fall." Lulu tilted her chin. "In Hollywood I should become a mere automaton. It is my Art which comes first, Your Majesty. Money means nothing to me."

The Queen rose and wandered pensively about the room.

"You have never been to Paris, Frau Guttenberg?"

"No."

"You would be popular there, we should think. Yes, in Paris you would be a great success."

"What is she getting at?" Lulu wondered.

"Paris is like Pentzden, but larger, and perhaps more gay."

AGAIN they were silent, while the Queen paced the floor. Her brows were drawn together and her eyes seemed to be full of troublesome thoughts.

"I am very happy here in Pentzden," said Lulu, when she could bear the silence no longer. "I couldn't live anywhere else."

The Queen stopped by the settee and looked down at Lulu.

"We are sorry to hear you say that, Frau Guttenberg."

"But why, Your Majesty? Do you not love Pentzden, too?"

"Oh, yes," said the Queen, with her eyes fixed on Lulu's face. "Our heart is in Pentzden, too."

Lulu felt transparent before the gaze of the Queen. There was something in those tired eyes which brought back all her fear. What did she want?"

"We are the Queen, and it is our privilege and our right to love Pentzden. But why should you love it? There is Paris, Vienna, London, New York. . . . Why must you pick on Pentzden for the object of your love?"

The Queen's voice rose hysterically and her thin body became tense.

"You must go, Frau Guttenberg!" she cried. "You must leave Szczlomphsk and never come back!"

Lulu jumped to her feet.

"But . . . Your Majesty is not serious?"

"Do we appear to be joking?" The Queen never moved her tired eyes from Lulu's face. "We are old, Frau Guttenberg. But you are young. It will

not hurt you to go. You will soon grow accustomed to another city."

"But, your Majesty, I do not understand."

"You must go," the Queen repeated. "Paris, Hollywood, it does not matter where. But you must leave Szczlomphsk!"

"But, Your Majesty, I cannot. Pentzden is my home. I belong to it. I cannot leave. Why should I?"

"You must go," said Her Majesty, "because the people are foregetting that there is a Queen in Szczlomphsk. We know why you are popular and why the people adore you. We are not blind. It is not because of your beauty or your talent. That would not be enough for such a success as yours. It is because you are the King's favourite!"

The Queen's eyes blazed. Her hands were clenched. Her body was racked by the force of her passionate outburst.

"So she is jealous!" thought Lulu. "But I will not listen to her. I have the upper hand, and I will not give in."

"I am sorry, Your Majesty, that you are unhappy. It must be very bitter for you to see your husband's affection lavished upon another woman."

The Queen laughed. She took Lulu's arm and led her to the window. She pointed to His Majesty, who was still to be seen in the distance, having difficulty with his horse.

"You think I am jealous of *that*, Frau Guttenberg? You do not flatter me. Look at him. Fat and ugly. I never loved him. I was sold to him as his bride because my country was afraid of his power. The lives of Royalty are not directed by their own desires. We must love diplomatically. But there are other things in a woman's life besides men, and I am a woman, Frau Guttenberg. If I do not love my husband, I *do* love his country."

"Indeed," said Lulu coldly. "You appear to take little interest in its welfare."

"How dare you say that to me!" cried the Queen. "*You*—of all people."

The Queen's eyes flashed, and Lulu thought she was going to strike her. But suddenly Her Majesty's anger vanished. Her tense, thin body relaxed, and her arms hung loosely by her side. The fire left her eyes.

"Last night when we came into the Royal box," she said—and now her voice was soft and sad—"the audience clapped for twenty seconds. When you made your entrance in the first act they clapped and stamped and cheered for two minutes and thirty-five seconds. Do you think that was pleasant for a Queen to hear—a Queen who loves her people and was once loved by them?"

"But, Your Majesty, is that my fault?"

"We used to take an active part in the life of the country," said the Queen. "We opened bazaars and laid foundation stones. Now we do so no longer. And do you know why? Because we are not asked. It is you the people want to make them pretty speeches. They ask you, and you accept. We do not blame you; it is a good advertisement; it brings people into the theatre. But it is terrible for me."

As Lulu listened to the Queen's words she felt compassion touch her heart. There was something terribly poignant in the tragedy of this thin, dowdy woman who was forgotten by the people she loved.

"Once little girls were christened Anastasia, after me; now they are called Lulu. It is very painful for me, Frau Guttenberg."

The Queen was weeping. She sank into a chair and gave herself up to her grief. Lulu also sat down, feeling very uncomfortable. "I am sorry for her," she thought, "but what can I do?"

"Please do not think I am unsympathetic, Your Majesty," she said. "I feel for you very deeply. But I cannot leave Szczlomphsk. That is too much to ask."

"It seems to me," said the Queen, "that it is a very little thing. You would be happy anywhere, for you would be successful. But I—I have only Szczlomphsk."

Lulu looked into the tired eyes of the Queen, and she saw in them all the misery and disappointment of that sad, dowdy woman.

"Poor thing!" she thought. "I should like to go, for her sake. But how can I? Here in Pentzden I am supreme in my fame and success; anywhere else I should be just one of the crowd. Besides—there is Rudolf. I couldn't bear to leave him."

"Have you ever thought what it would be like to lose the favour of your public, Frau Guttenberg? How would you like to make an exit and hear only a mild ripple of applause or a deathly silence? How would you like to drive through the streets and not be noticed? How would you like to see another woman, younger than yourself and more beautiful, in your place? That is what happened to me. I was helpless; I had to stand aside and see you mount from triumph to triumph; I could do nothing. I would have fought you had I been able, but I had no weapons. What could I do against your youth and your radiance?"

Something very like a sob rose in Lulu's throat. She felt she must escape from the sound of Her Majesty's pleading and sobbing, for she was afraid that if she listened to her much longer she might give in. And that would be too absurd, she told herself.

She said, "I am sorry, Your Majesty, but I cannot go."

The Queen looked at her.

"You will not listen to our pleading, Frau Guttenberg? We were afraid of that. You are like most people who climb and achieve a sudden success; you have left your heart behind you."

"Please, Your Majesty—can you not understand? I am happy in Szczlomphsk; it would be too great a wrench to leave."

"You will make that wrench, Frau Guttenberg." And now the Queen's voice was low and determined; there was no sadness in it, only a hard ruthlessness. "We have booked a suite for you on the train to Paris which leaves Pentzden at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. To-night will be your farewell performance. There will be no difficulty about your passport. We have seen to all that. We are sorry you have to leave at such short notice, but you have been in this country long enough, and if we let things slide any longer it will be too late. You are too good in this new play, Frau Guttenberg. It is your talent which has ruined you."

Lulu stood up. The Queen remained placidly seated.

"You take too much for granted, Your Majesty," said Lulu defiantly. "I shall not go!"

The Queen smiled.

"Did we say it was your talent which has ruined you? We were wrong. It was really your carelessness—a slight disregard for detail. A woman in your position could not afford to be so unwise as you have been."

"What do you mean?"

"We are sorry to have to descend to threats, Frau Guttenberg. If you had listened to our pleading there would have been no need for this unpleasantness. There is a young private in the Household Guard . . ."

"It isn't true!"

"Please, Frau Guttenberg . . . we have no time to waste over silly contradictions of fact. There *is* a young private, and he is your lover. If that were to become known—as it will if you have not left the country by to-morrow evening—you would be ruined. His Majesty would cast you off, and the people of Szczlomphsk would have nothing more to do with you. It will be better to go while there is still time."

"Blackmail!" Lulu exclaimed. "A Queen to use blackmail."

"A Queen, Frau Guttenberg, is only a woman with a crown."

For a moment Lulu paused. Then she turned, and without a curtsey left the room.

The Queen sighed when the door closed behind her. A long sigh of relief. "That's the end of you, Lulu Pilsen," she said to herself.

Then she went back to the little escritoire at which she had been seated when Lulu came in. She unlocked a little drawer and took out a photo, obviously taken by a cheap photographer, of a handsome young man with a slender waist in the uniform of a private in the Household Guard. It was signed: "To my Stasia, from her loving Rudolf."

Her Majesty pressed the young soldier's likeness to her lips and said aloud, "Now, Rudie, darling, I shall have you all to myself."

S. S.

MARY EATON

The première danseuse in the new Jack Hulbert-Paul Murray revue, "Folly To Be Wise." This show will open in Town at the Piccadilly Theatre on January 8

FILM NOTES

ARE THE TALKIES PROGRESSING?

By LIONEL COLLIER

Pola Illery and Albert Préjean in a scene from "Sous Les Toits de Paris." Pola shares Albert's garret with him—discreetly! It is a René Clair production, and one of the year's greatest films

LOOKING back through the films of the past year provides an interesting perspective of how the comparatively new talkie medium is progressing. As a whole there can be no two opinions that the entertainment they have brought is on a lower level than in the silent years. I mean that the stories in the mass are not so good, and that the tendency for one type to predominate is even more pronounced. Take, for instance, the flood of song and dance shows headed by "The King of Jazz," which is undoubtedly the best example of its kind. The plots provided for these have usually been of the slightest, the comedy material equally tenuous, while the tunes and dance numbers bear a remarkable family resemblance. Such shows are likely to bore the public through surfeit.

THE same thing applies to crook stories, which have also been done to death. Talking of crook plays, some idea of American mentality is provided by the report that Al Capone has accepted $200,000 to star in a picture to be entitled "The Public Enemy"! I have just heard this as I write, and it will probably be either fully affirmed or denied by the time these lines appear. It does not really matter much which, because the mentality that even suggests such a thing is beyond our normal comprehension. The nicest touch of all is that he is to give his salary to charity.

WAR films have also had a long innings, and have dealt with varied phases of the fighting. Many of them have allowed a scope of action which the earlier talkies were in danger of neglecting. The greatest unquestionably is "All Quiet on the Western Front," because of its use of kinematic art as opposed to the somewhat static production of "Journey's End." The latter, of course, is a great picture, but it comes under the category of photographed stage plays. These, depending on their dialogue, may be successful, but they do not tend to develop the kinema into a distinct medium of expression, which is essential for its progress. The English film "Suspense" is an excellent example of a War picture, and can be classed amongst the best.

AERIAL warfare is represented by "The Sky Hawk" and "Hell's Angels." I prefer the former because it has more story grip and less insistence on war horrors. Technically "Hell's Angels" is superior, but, as always, the spectacular is not a substitute for plot. Another aspect of the War, that of the nursing services, is supposed to be depicted in "War Nurse," a travesty of a great profession and altogether a highly distasteful picture. While purporting to honour the work of women during the War, it merely exploits horror, turns Paris into the American front line, and makes a maternity home appear to be a necessity for the next War.

ENGLISH films have scored chiefly by their adaptation of successful plays. In this respect the Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn combination has been particularly noteworthy with such pictures as "Rookery Nook," "Plunder," and "Canaries Sometimes Sing." British International, too, made one of the season's most successful talkie

Alfred Hitchcock's brilliant picture, "Blackmail," has been followed up worthily this year by "Juno and the Paycock," and "Murder." The artistes in this scene from "Blackmail" are John Longden, Anny Ondra and Donald Calthrop

The world's screen lovers re-united. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor make it up, and will appear again together in "The Man Who Came Back," a Fox picture to be seen in London soon

Marlene Dietrich as the café singer who fascinates, marries, and ultimately ruins the old tutor (Emil Jannings), in a scene in "The Blue Angel," Ufa's outstanding film of the year

comedies in "The Middle Watch," with Owen Nares and Dodo Watts.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK stands out as the best director we have in this country with such productions as "Juno and the Paycock" and "Murder," both films which bear very favourable comparison with anything we have had from America. They show ingenuity of camera work, as well as a realisation that pictorial values must be considered. America's contribution in "Disraeli" and "Old English," both notable pictures, are not conspicuous for direction but for the tour de force given by George Arliss.

FROM Germany there have come three of the most ingenious talkies of the year, "The Blue Angel," "The Love Waltz," and "The Immortal Vagabond." They show that the universality of appeal has not been killed by the introduction of sound.

Perhaps the most notable picture of the year is "Sous les Toits de Paris," the first French talkie to be shown in this country. It is an amazingly clever combination of camera art and sound technique. It is universal because no knowledge of French is required to follow its plot, although the dialogue is in that language. René Clair, the producer, has got the mastery of his medium and used sound only to replace the sub-title convention.

IF I were asked to give a list of the most notable films of the year it would be as follows: "Murder," "Juno and the Paycock," "The Middle Watch," and "Suspense" (British), "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Lummox," "Anna Christie," "Anybody's Woman," "The Sky Hawk," "Hell's Heroes," and "The Big Pond" (American), "The Blue Angel," "The Immortal Vagabond," and "The Love Waltz" (German), "Sous les Toits de Paris" (French), "Turksib" (Russian). L. C.

Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Adolphe Stewart and Cathleen Nesbitt in "Canaries Sometimes Sing," an example of Tom Walls' adaptations of successful stage farces which have been a notable addition to British productions last year. The suggested change of wives in this scene is not meeting with unqualified approval!

CLEVER CHORUSES IN THE MAKING

Chorus work has often much to do with the success achieved by musical shows of every variety, but to attain the perfection which looks so simple entails hours and hours of strenuous work. The top photograph shows Stella Brown rehearsing with her "daisy petals," a feature of "Aladdin," at the Dominion Theatre. Below is Julian Wylie producing the ballet in the same pantomime; while on the right one of the spectacular numbers in the new Drury Lane musical comedy, "The Song of The Drum," is being practised by a bevy of beauty which looks lazy but isn't

PARIS GOSSIP

SOCIETY, SALES AND SURPRISES

By Sylvia Lyon

You may now have heard, via the daily papers, of the engagement of the Princesse Isabella d'Orléans-Bragance to the Comte de Paris. This engagement was hinted by me and five hundred other people last year, when the now affianced couple were partners in the bridal procession at the wedding of the Princesse Françoise de France, who is a sister of the Comte de Paris, to Prince Nicholas of Greece. The couple are now not only affianced but affinanced, for the Princesse Isabella is enormously rich, being the heiress of her grandfather, the late Dom Miguel de Bragance, who was Emperor of Brazil. The marriage will therefore unite two branches of the Orléans family, for the Comte de Paris is the heir to the French Pretender, the Duc de Guise and the Duchesse de Guise, who was Princesse Isabella de France.

The Princesse Isabella d'Orléans-Bragcnce is engaged to the Comte de Paris

S

His other sisters are the Duchesse de Pouilles and the Comtesse Bruno d'Harcourt, whose husband was killed last year in a motor race in Morocco not far from the plantation of the Duc de Guise. While the Comte de Paris lives most of the year in the Manoir d'Anjou in Belgium, the wedding will probably take place at the Villa Palermo, the Orléans property in Sicily. The Princesse Isabella d'Orléans-Bragance is very young and pretty, and the Comte de Paris is very young too, but is not exactly what I would call good looking. For further details of the French Pretender's family, please consult "Vingt-neuf Mois d'Exile," by Léon Daudet, the eternally loyal Royalist leader.

"Jean Patou, on the other hand, bore up better"

S

How diverse are these days, displaying French genius even in the weather. One delightful morning it rained, hailed, snowed and fogged. This made things so pleasant for four distinct groups in this, the modern Athens: one crowd before the Chamber of Deputies, another before the Senate, or before the Presidential Palace, and one, much less well behaved fluttering not newspapers but *mille* notes, in the shopping quarters. But I am ahead of myself. It is most annoying that the President lives in the rue de Faubourg St. Honoré, which is a one-way street, and if he must have difficulties in forming a Cabinet, it would be far wiser if he lived in the centre of the Place de la Concorde.

S

For the first time in her career, Chanel held a sale and said she will never do it again. I do not blame her. Of course, it was all the fault of her wisdom-tooth. She had had one pulled out that morning, and her head was most chicly tied up in a black silk handkerchief with a smart bow-knot atop. "I have lost a little of my sagesse," she said. Then she took one look at the rabid horde stamping up the mirrored stairs of the rue Cambon, and Chanel fled to La Pausa, her place at Roquebrunne on the Riviera.

S

Jean Patou, on the other hand, bore up better, but then he is accustomed to such things, as he hold sales twice yearly. The other evening I dined with friends at the Michodière, and the Vicomte de Guell, who is soon to publish a book of Memoirs, said, "How charming is this place,

"They just want Fauconnier to get dressed up in a burnous"

filled with beautiful ladies and so elegant." He is the last man on earth who "likes the ladies."

"Yes, it is a wonderful place," I agreed, "especially for me, who works so hard all the week and then come here and be able to see Jean Patou eating." Patou was dining with Madame Santos Suarez, the Marquise de San Carlos, and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, of San Francisco

Central Press

Preparing for the annual influx of Winter sports enthusiasts to St. Moritz. Workmen busy clearing the snow from one of the rinks in readiness for the skating

and Biarritz, who perhaps is the youngest and prettiest grandmother in the world.

"I really feel sorry for Patou when he goes out or entertains," I continued. "If a woman says to him, 'why Monsieur Patou, don't you remember me?' I suppose he says, 'Chère Madame, I have such a poor memory for dresses.'"

ALSO at the Michodière was Felton Elkins, also from San Francisco, or rather Burlingame, the hero of my youth, because he was the finest polo player in California and wrote plays, besides getting married very often. I do love versatility.

MOST of the people from the Michodière went on after to "Monsignor," where a Russian, of course, sings extemporaneous French verses about all the people present, telling the assembly that the Chargé d'Affaires of Spain at Brussels looks just like a toreador, and if Alfred Blumen, the pianist, will send him ten tickets for his next concert he will attend with pleasure. Referring to Spanish diplomats, I hear that Quinonès de Leon, the Ambassador here, has a perfect mania for working from seven to nine in the evening, so that all the secretaries lose their minds and have to either break, or refuse to make, dinner engagements.

I DO wish that this, the height of the little season, would not include political crises or the awarding of literary prizes. You cannot imagine what it is to telephone these days. I was perfectly furious to read that Plon, the publisher, had deliberately telephoned to Indo-China to tell Marc Chadourne that he had won the Prix Femina for *Cècile de la Folie* when I had not been able to get Antoine, the coiffeur, on the telephone. And then they not only have to award the Prix Femina to an author who is travelling in Indo-China, but they have to give the Prix Goncourt to Henri Fauconnier, the author of "Malaisie," who lives in Tunis. It's imperialism, that's all it is. They just want Fauconnier to get dressed up in a burnous and be a colonial literary hero so that all the colonials will come to next year's Colonial Exposition.

A FEW days after the award of the Prix Goncourt, believe it or not, one late dark afternoon a boy friend of mine stopped and got out of a car to be followed by a strange youth whom he introduced to me as Monsieur de Goncourt. "How is your prize," I asked, "and how is the family journal?" He laughed in a puzzled sort of way, and I felt a bit sorry for people bearing famous names.

THE other day I was in the business office of the *New York Herald*. On the desk was a register for the convenience of wandering Americans who are silly enough to want their friends to know where they are stopping in Paris. Imagine such an idea! And sometimes how embarrassing! Well, my casual eye dropped to the register, and I saw, to my amazement, the name "Minnie Capone." I could believe neither my eyes nor the name. My eyes crossed the page. "Chicago," I read. "Is this a joke?" I asked an employee. The latter glanced at the register and said grievedly, "Oh, I didn't see *that*. Oh, how I *wish* I had seen Minnie Capone when she called on us." "You wish your wish," I exclaimed, "why, I am glad *I* didn't see her. I would have died of fright."

S. L.

Wide World

WELCOMING WINTER SPORTS!

A sextette of young skaters display a lot of joie de vivre in welcoming the advent of Winter sports at Davos

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

FOOD FOR THE FILMS? By Ralph Straus

NOVELISTS these days have less cause than they had only a few years ago to bless Providence for inventing the film magnate. Huge sums used to be forthcoming for cinema rights, and if the enriched author often failed to recognise his child in its cinema dress, did it matter so much? As an artist he might perhaps feel a pang or two, but a really large cheque from Hollywood—and I can speak from experience—is a good enough opiate. To-day, however, such cheques have an unfortunate habit of being very much smaller—so far, that is to say, as novelists, in contradistinction to playwrights, are concerned. The talkies may speak for themselves, but most of us look back with regret to the days when their silence was golden.

YET new novels still provide occasional food for the films, and I have been wondering what the Hollywood people would make of three very different stories which I have just finished reading. Two of them come from America, and I will deal with them first. One is about a Boston girl who finds herself the involuntary guest of one of China's new generals in China; the other is about a young scapegrace from Yale University (with, however, a strong, silent jaw, if I may be permitted the expression, which augurs a rich and honourable old age for its owner), who, after being disinherited by his millionaire grandfather, proceeds to get rich much quicker than any of his ancestors would have thought possible. Surely, you think, here are two novels at any rate which are screaming to be filmed.

A WHITE girl kidnapped by Chinese! Can't you see the Mr. Wu-ish horrors in store for her? The underground passages in sinister houses leading to weird throne-rooms with strange heathen gods? The refined tortures meted out to the white hero, unarmed and haggard (though beautifully dressed), who has fought his way in? Of course you can. These film-Chinese will stop at nothing at all. And I feel convinced that if Hollywood were to film *Bitter Tea* (Cobden Sanderson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Grace Zaring-Stone, you would have the usual penny-dreadfullish affair. The novel itself, however, is very far from being any such melodramatic nightmare. It is singularly quiet and restrained. It has beauty. Its drama lurks subtly in the background. Yet it is quite unusually interesting, and, in addition, it suggests a bit of the real China of to-day.

THE girl comes out to Shanghai to be married, but the Communists and the other factions are making trouble, and her fiancé is unable to meet her. She is advised to wait with friends until peace is restored, but it seems that some foreign children are in danger, and she offers to assist in their rescue. She goes into the danger zone, and is herself rescued from the mob by a Chinese General, who is as unlike Hollywood's idea of the species as any human being very well could be. Yet the civilisation he represents is wholly antagonistic to the girl's. To him the dismissal and subsequent death of a concubine who has unwisely interested herself in politics is a matter of little importance; to her it is cruelty in its most dreadful form. As it happens, she is rescued by the General's American "financial adviser," and the General himself is killed; and you may say, if you like, that the story itself is curiously inconclusive. But unquestionably it is good to read, and if, as I expect, Hollywood leaves it severely alone, that will be Hollywood's loss.

MISS GRACE ZARING-STONE

The author of "Bitter Tea" (Cobden Sanderson: 7s. 6d.). It is reviewed by Mr. Ralph Straus on this page

THE other American story is almost wholly financial. Millionaires abound. They sit in their offices, and look at the tape, and telephone to their brokers, and pile up more millions for themselves, and ruin other people with no more trouble than you or I take to eat an egg. I wish that I knew how they do it. But after reading *The Abominable Branch* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Russell W. Davenport, I am little the wiser. I believe in young Joe Herd (with the jaw), and I wholeheartedly approve of his financial campaign directed against his mother's old lover, who now wants to marry the girl he himself loves. Moreover, I can follow that campaign with genuine interest, but if you ask me for details I can give you none. There is this, however, to be said for Mr. Davenport's book—its millionaires are no mere puppets. They do other things besides telephoning to their brokers, and they think of other things besides money. I am not convinced that quite so many financial details were necessary, but the story is dramatic and what used to be called "strong," and if Hollywood were to make use of it, why, then, of course, it would be sufficient for us to *see* the millionaires using the telephone to understand all that we ought to know.

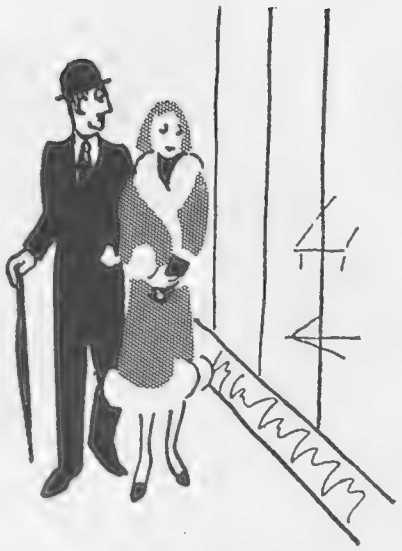
IT is the third story, however, which could pass through the Hollywood sieve almost unchanged. *The Tin Tree* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a first novel by James Quince, the pseudonym, I fancy, of a West Country clergyman. And it is one of those wildly romantic affairs, teeming with improbabilities, which, on account of its pleasant writing and good humour, you are willing to accept (for the time being) as the truth I cannot remember another novel which makes use of so many of the good old "situations" and yet seems to be something new. A baronet accused of murder and masquerading as a Cockney gunner in the War; an Earl's daughter who loses her memory; a mysterious lady from Portugal, who might be a spy, and certainly pretends to read fortunes in a crystal; a young rustic who sees red when animals are cruelly treated—these are but a few of the ingredients in this singularly succulent pie.

A VERY commonplace "thriller," you think? In a way I suppose it is, but this James Quince has a way with him. He sweeps you on. The highbrows will scoff, but they will not put the book down. They may even be seduced into making any number of guesses about the murderer's identity—guesses, by the way, which will not be correct. And I see no particular reason why the author should not write a really good novel about life as most

of us find it. I hope that he will. Meanwhile there is *The Tin Tree* to wile away an idle hour very agreeably indeed.

HOLLYWOOD, however, no longer enjoys its film-making monopoly, and it may be that we shall some day see a film version from Germany of Mirko Jelusich's novel, *Cæsar* (Allen and Unwin: 10s. 6d.). As a rule, I do not care very much for these historical reconstructions, and it may be that in this attempt the canvas in places is a little too large, but the panorama is undoubtedly picturesque, and those queer intrigues of long ago, to quote the publisher's blurb, do "stand out with the vividness of actuality." Personally, I had expected rather more details of Cæsar's private affairs—were *all* the dreadful things they said about him scandalous inventions?—but I am bound to add that I read through the book—and it is by no means short—with interest and enjoyment.

LET me pass on to the popular pastime of marriage. If we are to believe the women novelists, it is very difficult these days to be happily married for more than a month or two at most. Men *are* so stupid. They never seem to understand how a woman wants to be treated. But—does the woman know herself? The answer, according to the women novelists, is never in doubt. She does. I must have glanced at half a dozen variations on this theme of domestic conflict during the last few weeks, though, being a man, I am little the wiser for my pains. To be frank, moreover, I am becoming a little tired of these endless quarrels between husband and wife, but other people seem to like them, and so, I suppose, the novels will continue to tell us about them.



"BOND STREET"

"The Englishman in Bond Street stares
With studied air of boredom,
At windows full of tempting wares,
And knows he can't afford 'em."

The above is reproduced from that entertaining book, "Lighter London" (G. Delgado, Ltd.: 6s.). The verses are by Hubert Steele, and the decorations by Herry-Perry

I WILL mention two recent examples. *Time to Stare* (Murray: 7s. 6d.) is by Marjorie Booth, who a year ago wrote *A Gem of Earth*. It seems to me that the new story is hardly on a par with its predecessor. *She* wants the quiet things of life; *he* wants the rush and the bustle of things. The death of their child widens the breach. Yet this does not mean that they have ceased to be in love with each other. Then what happens?

IN this case, I am afraid, not very much that is frantically exciting. They manage to carry on, and that is about all. I may have missed the point of the book, but must confess that I was never more than mildly interested in any of the characters except in *her* father, who, being dissatisfied with *his* wife, calmly goes off to live in sin and satisfaction with a gipsy girl.

THEN there is *Quiet Ways* (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.), by Katherine Burdekin. Here, I admit, there is something more than a mere husband-and-wife conflict, though it forms the main theme of the book. Both he and she are rebels of a kind. Unfortunately, the War turns them both into neurasthenics, and, unluckily for her, success as a novelist permits him to forget his earlier hatreds, while she remains more or less what she was. Now Miss Burdekin writes well, and she chooses her people with some care. There is nothing in this book which does not read like the truth, and yet—is it not rather dull? Is it not much ado about nothing very much? And is not that the fault of too many novels which are printed to-day? R. S.

Sport and General

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce seated by her host, Lieut.-General Gaishi Nagoaka, in Tokyo, to celebrate her flight from England to Japan. The General is the patron of Civil Aviation in Japan

IN THE WEEK'S HUNTING NEWS

Mr. A. C. Edmonstone, Joint-Master of the Fernie Hounds, leading the pack at the Meet at Foxton Village

Central Press

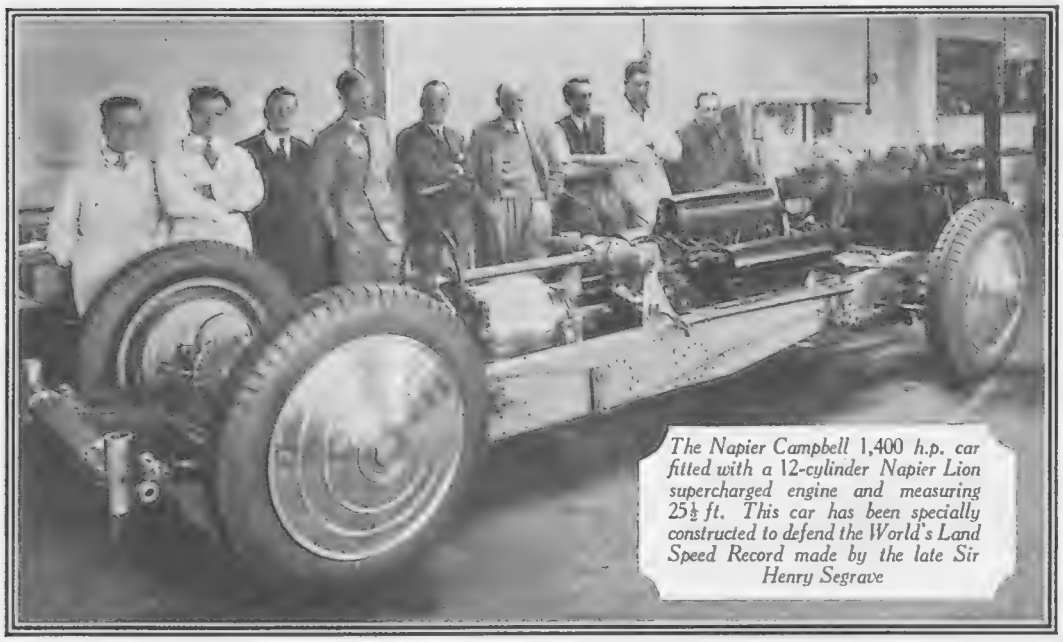
Capt. the Hon. I. B. Freeman-Thomas, son and heir of Viscount Willingdon, and Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, at Wickham Place, Hurstpierpoint, where they entertained the Southdown Hunt recently

Michael Beary in pink. The famous jockey is an enthusiastic follower of the Old Berks Foxhounds, and he is seen at the Meet recently held at Bampton, Oxford

Mrs. Edmonstone, wife of the Joint-Master of the Fernie Hounds, which met recently at Foxton Village

MOTOR NOTES

THE "MORALS" OF MOTORING



The Napier Campbell 1,400 h.p. car fitted with a 12-cylinder Napier Lion supercharged engine and measuring 25½ ft. This car has been specially constructed to defend the World's Land Speed Record made by the late Sir Henry Segrave

By
E. M. WRIGHT

EVEN a paternal government is not usually given to preparing a comprehensive set of New Year resolutions for erring motorists. But by a happy accident the draft of the Highway Code appears at a time when all who are prone to do things that they "didn't ought" are vowing henceforth to lead new lives. The Code is, so to speak, a Table of the Law for all road users—a statement of the "morals" of driving, riding *and walking* on the King's Highway; and like all moral codes it is notable not so much for the novelty of its provisions as for the fact that it classifies and puts into the form of rules the precepts and principles which, hitherto, we have had to discover for ourselves.

S

THE new Code is not law as the lighting regulations, for instance, are law. It is a series of recommendations which road users in their own interests would do well to adhere to. For the first time in this country there is a standard by which road behaviour may be judged. Even though the Code is not law, it will be proof of negligent or dangerous driving if, in the event of an accident, one or other of the parties involved can be shown to have infringed its recommendations.

S

AS far as motorists are concerned, the Code sets out officially what every careful and considerate driver knows and practises. To be told to go slow in narrow country lanes, to sound the horn sparingly, except at danger points or when about to overtake, and to be punctilious in the matter of signals is not new. To be warned against overtaking at corners or on the crest of a hill again merely prescribes what is already, or should be, common practice. There are, however, one or two rulings which do in a sense represent a distinct departure from current legal conceptions. Traffic on major roads has priority over that on minor roads, and motorists are warned to go dead slow when emerging from a minor road into a major one. This is the first time that any distinction—in this country—has been made officially between traffic on by-roads and that on the main roads. Hitherto all traffic has possessed equal rights. This recognition of the prior claims of main road traffic does not, it is true, give it a definite "right of way," nor does it relieve drivers of the necessity for caution when passing road junctions and intersections, but its effect should be to encourage greater caution when emerging from side turnings and to permit of higher speeds with greater safety on main roads.

S

ANOTHER important recommendation which it is to be hoped will be strictly observed is that long strings of slow-moving vehicles or motor coaches shall not follow each other in close formation, so as to prevent faster-moving traffic from overtaking. Sufficient space must be allowed between each vehicle to permit of their being overtaken one at a time. Such a recommendation is urgently needed, for with the growth of road transport for goods and passengers motorists on trunk roads must frequently either crawl for miles behind a compact column of slow-moving vans or lorries, or else proceed an inordinate distance on the wrong side of the road to pass the obstruction. This recommendation, too, if it is observed, should make for greater safety and greater speed on busy roads.

S

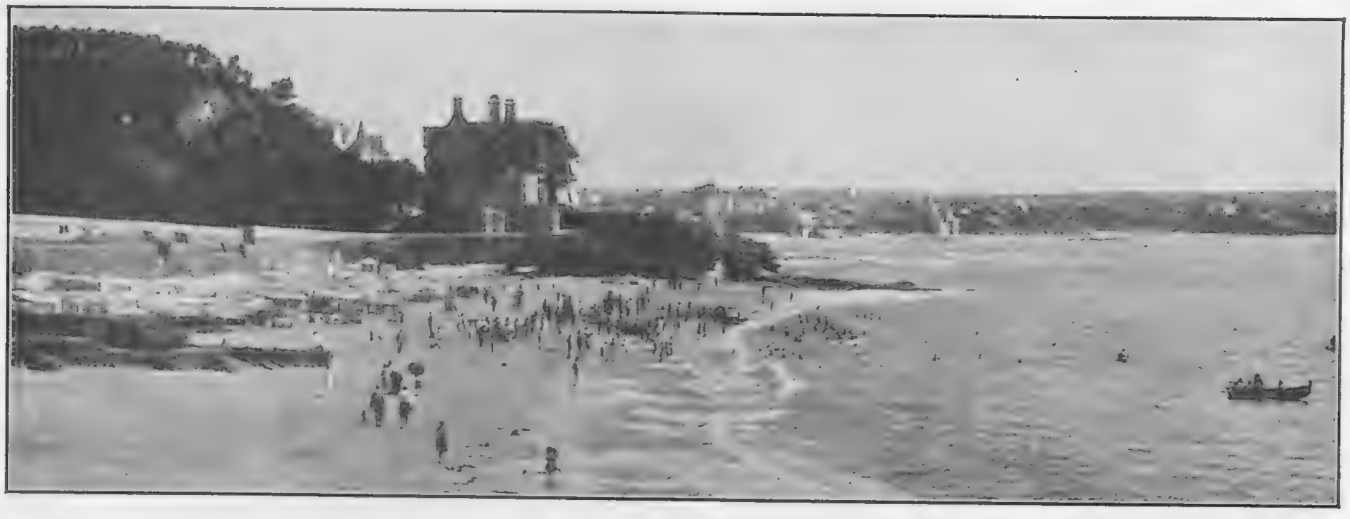
SO much for motorists. Similar rules are laid down for horse-drawn vehicles, though probably, like most of the rules made for such traffic, they will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. A section of the Code concerns cyclists. It deals with such time-honoured problems as riding abreast and riding at night. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that recommendations will succeed where definite regulations have failed. Doubtless, too, the recommendations with regard to pedestrian traffic will also very largely fail in their effect. Nevertheless, they are full of interest, in that they represent the first serious attempt to regulate such traffic.

S

BUT if the pedestrian has at long last had his "right" to do as he pleases prescribed in certain directions, he has been given an entirely new "right" which fills me with the gravest misgivings for the future. "Give signals yourself," says the Code. Could there be a more dangerous injunction? It will not prevent accidents. The type of pedestrian who is run down is the sleep-walker who steps off the pavement in a brown study oblivious of the traffic on the road. It is inconceivable that one who is not sufficiently aware of his surroundings even to look where he is going will at the waving of a wand remember both to look out for oncoming traffic and give warning of his intentions.

S

THE type of pedestrian who *will* use signals is the retired colonel or the peppery major who would rather witness a holocaust than surrender one jot or tittle of his real or imagined "rights." The Code instructs him to signal, and signal he will. A dense jam of cars and vehicles of all descriptions must, presumably, halt dead at his bidding, though it be courting suicide to make a sudden and unpremeditated stop and though hasty application of the brakes invites a hair-raising skid. Should a smash occur—as occur it will—the pedestrian who was morally responsible for it may blandly cite this section of the Code in his defence. Should the pedestrian himself be involved in any accident due to his own lack of consideration or stupidity, he may, it seems, claim damages from the unfortunate motorist concerned. No ruling of recent times is more grossly unfair or more open to flagrant abuse than this innocent-seeming recommendation in the Highway Code. Far from preventing accidents, it invites them. And it is to be hoped that when the draft of the Code comes before Parliament this ridiculous and dangerous recommendation will be struck out.



A corner of the Plage at Cascais, where bathing under ideal conditions is enjoyed by holiday-makers

An Ideal Winter Resort

To reach Estoril, an ideal winter resort, from England, two ways are open—by land and by sea. The Sud express from Paris carries one in perfect comfort in little more than thirty hours, while several steamship lines leave various ports in England and make the voyage in from three to five days. I chose the latter, and the view as we approached the coast of Portugal would have repaid much suffering from mal-de-mer even if I had endured it.

Picture to yourself a mass of coolest foliage ranging from the deep green of the cedar to the golden green of the acacia in full bloom, with pine groves and palms, and hills covered with eucalyptus, with gardens filled with flowers of every colour of the rainbow, and white houses banded with green and red, with blue and yellow, and, if your imagination leads you to combine them in the happiest way, you have some idea of the exquisite panorama that unfolds itself as the vessel steams nearer the shore.

Estoril and its neighbouring towns are beautifully laid out, and much that human ingenuity can conceive in ensuring his comfort is provided for the visitor. The hotels are commodious, excellently run, and the newest of them—the Palace—was opened only at the end of the summer.

Thanks to the advantage of the exchange, which gives 100 escudos to the pound, living even in this new establishment is relatively inexpensive, and the visitor can reasonably count on getting all he needs in the way of room and food for £1 a day, although at some of the smaller establishments his expenses need not exceed half that sum.

The Tamariz esplanade, showing some of the luxuriant vegetation which adds so much to the charm of Estoril

A further advantage which Estoril offers to those weaker brethren who are unable to face the chill and damp of an English winter is a medicinal spring whose waters have a splendid reputation throughout the whole of Portugal for the alleviation and cure of many of the diseases of the digestive system, as well as rheumatism, gout, and their allies, which are indirectly connected with it.

In the building which houses the spa all the modern adjuncts for the treatment of these complaints are to be found—electricity in its various forms, heat, light, and massage administered under the supervision of skilful and highly accomplished physicians.

At the Casino, play goes on all the year round, and a magnificent new building is rapidly rising in the town, which will open in a few weeks' time.

Other entertainments are to be found in the theatre and cinema, in fêtes, concerts, and competitions, while for the day there are attractive rambles, an excellent golf course, races, the music of bands, and the ordinary everyday amusements.

In addition, there is Lisbon, with its numerous objects of interest which

The Estoril Palacio Hotel, the magnificent sunny building in which every modern comfort is to be found

ESTORIL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

An attractive spot on the coast at Estoril. The chalets are most artistic and—unlike some resorts—do nothing to detract from the natural charm of the surroundings

The municipal museum at Cascais, one of the many fine public buildings to be found in this part

The "Mantle of Hell," a striking spot on the coast near Cascais

a foreign capital cannot help affording to the stranger, in its museums and other public buildings, its works of art, its libraries, to say nothing of its bull fights, while long hours may be given to the interesting towns in the neighbourhood.

IF any readers require further information about this ideal spot for a winter residence, a letter addressed to the Editor, with the envelope marked "Estoril," will receive immediate attention.

FLYING NOTES

Nakajüna, Singapore

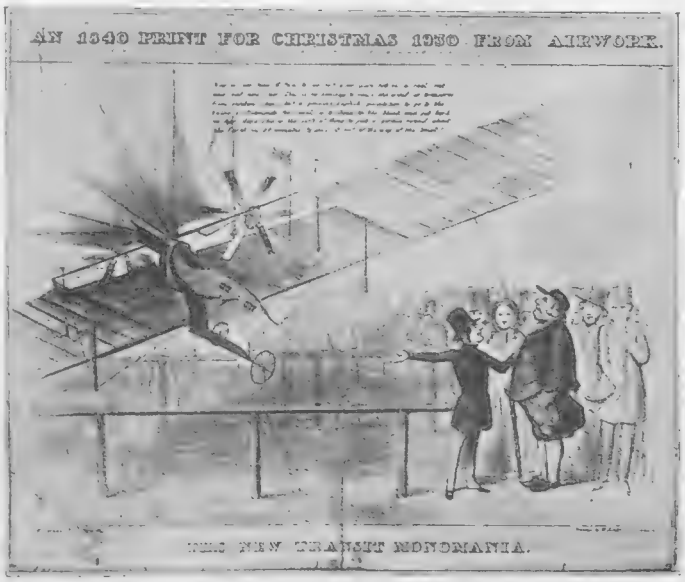
Sir Geoffrey Salmond seen with members of the Singapore Flying Club during his recent visit to the Far East

A NEW LONG-DISTANCE BRITISH AIR ROUTE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Cape to Cairo

CECIL RHODES' dream is to come true in the spirit of its intention during 1931. He knew nothing of aircraft or of the progress which would be made in conquering the third dimension, therefore his vision was confined to something which was "practical politics" of the day. Money in abundance is required to link Cape Town with Cairo by rail or arterial road, but aircraft need no highway, merely resting places at regular intervals, the gaps being spanned by wireless. The first section of the air route, that from Cairo to the Equator, will be opened before the spring, and by midsummer the booking offices will announce London to Cape Town in eleven days. Imperial Airways will be able to reduce this time in all probability before two years have passed, as night-flying equipment is being installed at four points almost at once, and every section will be linked by means of beacons and flood-lighted landing grounds as soon as the service has established its routine.



An original Christmas card from Airwork, of Heston. John Bull of 1840 is seen being asked to invest his money in "Henson's Ariel Steam Navigation Company"

A Place in the Sun

DURING these dull days of winter, when the sun is hidden, often for a week at a time, a few lucky people amongst the millions who live in England can find a place in the sun almost at will. The fog, smoke, and clouds may extend above us for thousands of feet, yet the modern light aeroplane can climb above them to a level where the air is crisp and cold and clear. If it is not actually freezing on the ground, the point will be reached somewhere below 5,000ft., after which the temperature drops gradually until at 18,000ft. it is most likely below zero. As soon as the heavy cloud banks are passed on the way up, the air becomes calm, although a wind of great force may be blowing steadily in one direction. It is therefore unwise to admire the grandeur of cloudland, forgetting time and space, otherwise one's descent may take place a hundred miles or so from the starting point. Beginners often find it difficult to keep the aerodrome in sight when below the clouds, so that sun-worship should not be indulged in without the instructor's permission. Also it is advisable to have learnt how to spin before trying to fly through clouds, and some training with the "head in the bag," which I mentioned in my Notes last week, should prove really invaluable.

Flying East of Suez

AIR MARSHAL SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND, whilst commanding the Royal Air Force in India, has made some extensive tours by air, one of the latest being to Singapore and the Far East, where our flying boats patrol some of the trade routes formerly guarded by the Navy. The fact that Sir Geoffrey Salmond has been offered the post of Director of Civil Aviation lends topical interest to our photograph showing him with members of the Singapore Flying Club, which has been established for three years and now has three Moth seaplanes.

Happy Landings for 1931

MAY I acknowledge with thanks the valuable assistance received during 1930 from members of the aircraft industry, private owners, and clubs in supplying information and photographs for use on this weekly page? Good wishes from THE BYSTANDER for a prosperous New Year.

For a Good Cause

THE Royal Aeronautical Society, founded in 1866, is the oldest institution of its kind in the world which has maintained an unbroken record of progress. Since the War its membership and that of affiliated societies has increased tremendously, particularly during the years when the Master of Sempill was its president. Grants from the Government, the S.B.A.C., the Guggenheim Fund, and from other sources have enabled it to meet deficits in the annual balance-sheet and at the same time maintain its position as the "prime mover" in aeronautical science. Now that the time has arrived for the Society to find a permanent home in London, somewhere befitting its dignity and adapted to the efficient conduct of its affairs, it is finding some difficulty in obtaining the capital. Bearing in mind that it should be independent of subsidies for its regular work if the cause of science is to be served in an unbiased manner, there is urgent need for supporting an Endowment Fund, because subscriptions from Fellows and Members can do little more than meet the running expenses. Everyone in this country has some ultimate interest in aviation, so that an appeal from the Society should meet with a wide response. Our position in the van of flying nations must be maintained, and the 'Royal Aeronautical' can do most valuable work to this end. Not less than £50,000 is required, and donations should be sent to the President, at 7, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

SHOOTING NOTES

THE WONDERS OF A GUN

Alfieri

Some of the guns, accompanied by the judges, working a small wood during the English Spaniel Trials at Idsworth, Horndean

Sport and General

Lorna, Countess Howe, with her Banchory Light at the International Gundog League Working Trials. They were held at Hamptworth, Redlynch, near Salisbury

THE ancient Charter of the London Proof House, to wit, The Gunmakers' Company, refers to the Art and Mystery of gun making. That was in 1637, and, to-day, nearly three hundred years later, it remains as much an art and mystery as ever. No matter how closely you study a gun, nor what facilities your favourite in the craft may afford you to witness actual production, you come away wondering how on earth a gun ever gets finished. The delicate filing makes terribly slow progress while you watch the man with ball-bearing wrist taking away infinitesimal layers under the guidance of deposited soot.

A GUN has to be made this way, otherwise the six pounds and odd ounces which it is destined to weigh cannot do their work under the violent concussion of service. The woodwork is a gem of fine chisel fashioning, the minutiæ, as is usual in guns, being hidden. Locks are made separately from the gun. Some are reputed to be sold at £1 a pair; fine they look to the novice eye, but woe betide the sportsman whose gun contains any economy in this department. Ejectors comprise a simple little cam with a spring bearing heavily upon it—nothing else, yet in the perfect gun the pair of spent cases fly a neck-and-neck race across the room, travelling within inches of the same total distance. This seems to be labouring the unnecessary, but such care is essential to ensure that an ejector gun shall remain an ejector throughout its career.

AN interesting feature about guns is the mode of hardening their actions. Ordinary mechanical constructions are either made of the hardest metal that tools can cut, or, if of simple form, are hardened after shaping to the required degree of temper. Not so a gun; neither process satisfies the requirements of its action. The skin must be glass-hard so as to resist abrasion and dents, yet this hardness, which implies brittleness, must be reinforced by tough layers of metal below, the core remaining dead soft. Pure wrought iron is, therefore, the raw material, whilst shavings from the bone button factory provide the medium for adding at red heat the quantum of carbon that dissolves into the iron and converts it into steel of various grades, according to the depth of entry. Thus and thus only can you have a complex shape head hard externally, tough below, and sufficiently undistorted by the necessary heat to be serviceable afterwards. Hardening cracks, which cause an expensive tool to burst in pieces, are inadmissible in a gun.

THE greater the detail that is brought under survey the higher becomes the admiration earned by the gun, which shares with jewellery, works of art, and, perhaps, a few other commodities, the distinction of receiving to this day the highest skill which human hands and brain are capable of exerting. The art and mystery remain confined to a few families. At the present time "best" workmen are mainly of elderly type, wedded to their calling, and faithful to its traditions. During the War the "trade" lost many of its most promising young men, their gift for piercing the inwardness of mechanism obtaining them enhanced pay as assemblers and final adjusters of complicated machine parts. Few have returned.

WHAT is the moral of this story? It is fairly clear. Buy a really good gun while any are available. Your sons and your grandsons may in years to come preserve it as something that can never be repeated. Meanwhile, it will do wonderful service, adding the joy of possession to what, I trust, will be the best of sport. The best-best guns are put through in the slack months of the year, before May. (Verb. sap.)

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

FOR FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES

A delightfully shady Riviera hat which would be ideal for those enviable people who are able to follow the sun. It comes from Woollands, of Knightsbridge, and is made of soft fancy straw in a subtle lime-green shade, the crown being encircled with a twist of deeper-toned velvet ribbon which passes through a slit at one side and forms a bow beneath the brim

A Thrilling Month

By Olive Caley Smith

Pastel-hued lawn, lace trimmed, makes this lingerie set, which includes a nightdress, and comes from the Galeries Lafayette

January Sales

DEEPLY rooted in every feminine heart is a genuine pride in the acquisition of a real bargain. January—the month of sales—is therefore regarded in the light of a thrilling and profitable adventure. First and foremost there is the linen cupboard to be replenished. Sketched at the foot of this page is some appliquéd bed linen with designs in charming shades of sky, gold, or pink. The lily-patterned sheet costs 52*s.* 6*d.*, and the matching pillow-cases 9*s.* 9*d.* each, while in the second set the sheet is 48*s.* 9*d.*, and the pillow-cases 10*s.* 6*d.* each. Coloured bordered face towels are seen on the right, these being available for 25*s.* 9*d.* for six at Walpole Bros., 89-91, New Bond Street, W. Blankets, down quilts, and table linen are being offered at very advantageous prices, while attractive tweed frocks for 55*s.* 9*d.*, and Macclesfield silk blouses at 27*s.* 9*d.* are indicative of the reductions that are being made in other departments.

Inexpensive Lingerie

LINGERIE is a splendid sale-time investment, and the woman who always manages to look very well dressed on a limited income is she who realises that it is in such directions that real economies can be effected. Sketched at the head of this page is a charming pastel-hued lawn set, which includes a nightdress and is enriched with lace, this material being used again for the delicately hand-embroidered garments on the right. Both will be available for less than half price during the sale, which commences on January 5, at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street. Exquisite crêpe de Chine and satin undergarments are also being substantially reduced, and similarly good offers are being made in every other department. No sale catalogue will be issued, as everything is marked down as low as possible during the continuance of the sale.

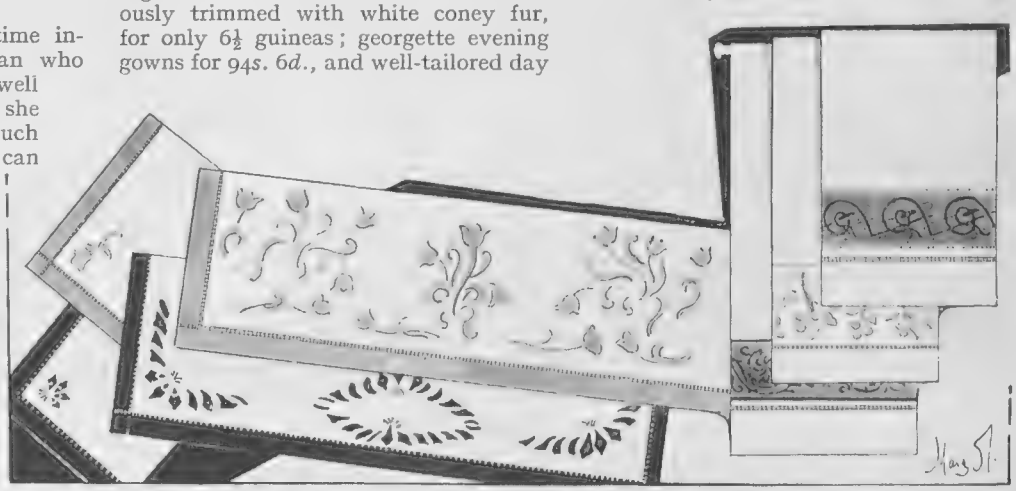
Family Bargains

FOLLOWING their usual custom during the first month of the New Year, Burberry's, of Haymarket, are offering their stock of garments, which will not be repeated during 1931, at prices round about half their usual value. The world-famous Burberry weatherproof, made from wet- and wind-proof gabardine lined throughout with proofed check, in sizes for both men and women, can be secured for 73*s.* 6*d.*, while ladies' overcoats in tweeds and homespuns are being reduced from 8 and 12 guineas to 4 and 5 guineas. Faultlessly tailored costumes for town and country wear will cost only 6½ guineas instead of 10 and 12 guineas, and men will find that their requirements have been dealt with in an equally generous way. An illustrated sale catalogue will gladly be sent on request.

A Noteworthy Event

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S January sale is an event which is always looked forward to with eagerness. Here are a few items, quoted at random, from their very interesting catalogue. A black chiffon velvet evening coat, lined with white, and luxuriously trimmed with white coney fur, for only 6½ guineas; georgette evening gowns for 94*s.* 6*d.*, and well-tailored day dresses for the same price; a black face cloth coat enriched with summer ermine, reduced from 38 guineas to 18½ guineas, and shot taffeta petticoats for 12*s.* 9*d.* instead of 21*s.* 9*d.* Then there are splendid bargains in the stocking and glove departments, including very fine pure silk evening stockings reduced from 18*s.* 9*d.* to 8*s.* 11*d.* a pair, and washable cape leather gloves with fringed cuffs for only 9*s.* 11*d.*

Also from the Galeries Lafayette: a practical lawn set, beautifully hand embroidered



Bed linen and face towels follow the vogue for colour in the home. These sheets and pillow cases have appliquéd designs in sky, gold, or pink, while the towels have coloured borders. They come from Walpole Bros.

Stage Photo Co.

A VERY MORAL BEDROOM SCENE

One of the cleverest scenes in Miss E. M. Delafield's comedy, "To See Ourselves," at the Ambassadors Theatre, takes place in the bedroom of a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Allerton, played by Nicholas Hannen and Marda Vanne. She is seen above suffering from life's daily, dreary round in the country, to which her husband is entirely oblivious. The more she hysterically pours out her sorrows the more he is puzzled, and the scene is one in which an undercurrent of true pathos is skilfully blended with laughter

Mr. John Pym, the eldest son of Major C. E. Pym, of Brasted, and his bride, Miss Diana Gough, the only child of the late Brigadier-General Sir John Gough and of Lady Gough, after their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. With them are the best man, Mr N. Gosling, the train-bearer, Master Ralph Keyes, and the bridesmaids, the Hon. Shirley Cunliffe and the Misses Moyra and Christina Guthrie, Clarissa Wedderburn, Elizabeth Pym, Diana Keyes, Audrey Gough, and Molly Leyland

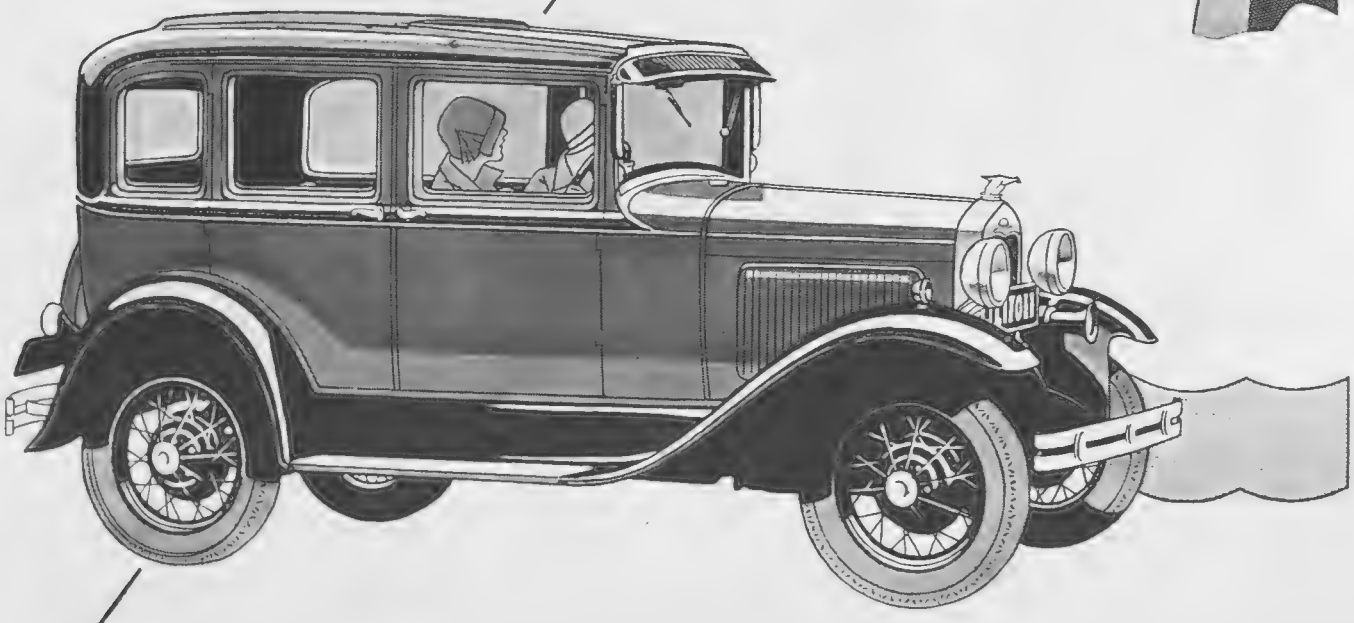
Two RECENT WEDDINGS

Special Press

Lenare

On the left, Mr. Julian Vandeleur Phipps, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Phipps, and his bride, Miss Joan Ivy Heaton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Heaton, are seen leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their wedding. On the right the bride is seen with the matron-of-honour, Mrs. Ian Millar, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Joan Toms, Eve Pryor, and Barbara Strohmenger

Would you buy a suit without looking at several kinds of cloth?



NEW FORD DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON £225 AT WORKS, MANCHESTER. 14.9 *h.p.* £5 *extra*

Why purchase a Motor Car on any other principle?

Is it not the natural thing to do when considering a suit of clothes to study samples of several kinds of cloth?

Why does not a similar plan of selection apply to so important a thing as a motor car?

Ford Motor Company Ltd. invite you—through Ford dealers everywhere—to come and study the New Ford car.

Before you enter the New Ford, for example, study its graceful low lines, the sheen of its stainless steel and attractive pyroxylin colours.

During the run, notice the light steering, the safe braking, the quiet and smooth running, the steady holding of the road at all speeds and the feeling of safety inspired by the powerful brakes, strong bumpers and welded all-steel bodies.

Just as carefully as you would select a suit of clothes, inspect the comfort, safety, performance and price of this fine motor car.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON AND MANCHESTER

DOGS

GHOSTS AND GHOULIES — By Lady Kitty Ritson

A Borzoi "four-in-hand" in the charge of a young admirer. They are the property of Mr. Ernest Grey, of the Borzoi Stables, Ringley Park, Reigate

AT this time of year, when the nights are long and dark, and it seems as if all elementals must have full scope, I may be forgiven if I raise the old question of whether dogs see ghosts. I suppose the first thing to decide is whether there *are* any ghosts, but nowadays it is the fashion to believe in them; and even if it weren't I am afraid I should remain unconvinced, for you could hardly expect a woman who is half-Scottish, half-Irish, with a very dubious strain of savage blood also to be accounted for, not to believe in ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggit beasties and Things that go flop in the night!

ANYHOW, I have had too many odd experiences with dogs not to feel certain that they do know more about the unknown than we do. Children are much closer to this same spirit world than adults, and I believe that, until they are accused of lying, they communicate with dogs quite easily.

I KNEW a child (he was about six) who said to me one night: "Poor Jack feels he's going to have a pain." I laughed at him, for the dog appeared to be perfectly well, but the next day he developed gastritis. I asked the baby: "How did you know Jack was going to have a pain?" "He told me," the child answered quite naturally.

I AM sure that the child communicated with the dog in some common language, and that he was speaking the absolute truth. No doubt if he had lived he would have lost the faculty. He was always relating things that the dog told him, and they were concrete facts that came true, not just fairy-tales.

I HAD a Pom who had a little ghost friend that played with him in the woods in Scotland. I used to feel vaguely that there was something curious about this particular wood, where he used to play so obviously with something else, and then one day the little ghost materialised. He only met him in this particular wood, and there is no point to the story. He was just a little friend.

I have never read such a wealth of information about dogs so pleasantly given as in Mr. Ash's new book, "The Practical Dog Book." Any amateur who reads this book carefully should be able to choose a dog, bring it up, show it, and breed from it without any difficulty. On the other hand, for those of us who think we know something about dogs, the book will serve as a book of reference for all time, and will also teach us how little we really do know. It would make an ideal present for any dog friend.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155, Leadenhall St., LONDON, E.C.3

COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR POLICIES

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

FOOTBALL & HOCKEY from 25/- Made in five distinct types for ASSOCIATION and RUGBY

COTTON-OXFORD SPORTS FOOTWEAR

FROM SPORTS OUTFITTERS STORES & CLUB PROFESSIONALS
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND NAME OF LOCAL AGENT FROM
COTTON-OXFORD SHOEMAKERS · LEICESTER

GOLF & SHOOTING FLEXIBLE AND ANKLE SUPPORTING FOR LADIES 35/ FOR MEN 42/ IN FOUR FITTINGS

Rowland's Macassar Oil is sold in three sizes, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6.

Made in two colours. Red for dark hair; Golden for fair or grey hair.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE BYSTANDER
INVERESK HOUSE,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of *The Bystander*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for ..... months, commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

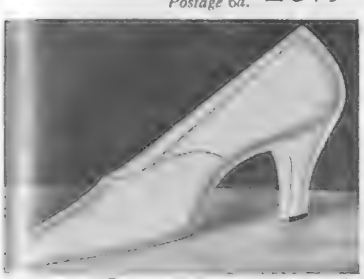
Date ..... 1930.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2½d.

MAYFLOWA
Crêpe de Chine SHOES

No. 0762.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black, Jeanne d'Arc Blue, Japanese Red, Bermuda Green and White Satin. Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 19/9

No. 0764.—Crêpe-de-Chine, piped Silver Kid. In Black and White, Japanese Red, Bermuda Green, Jeanne d'Arc Blue, Plage and Beige. Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 25/9



No. 0763.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black and White, Jeanne d'Arc Blue, Japanese Red and Bermuda Green. Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 12/9

No. 0760.—Crêpe-de-Chine, piped Silver Kid. Stocked in Black and White. Can be dyed any shade, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 25/9

No. 0761.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black and White; also in White Satin. Can be dyed any shade, 2/6 extra. *Postage 6d.* 21/9

ABBOTT'S

324, OXFORD ST. Next to D. H. Evans). 255, OXFORD ST (Next to Jay's).
82, REGENT ST. Opp. Piccadilly Hotel). 98, KENSINGTON HIGH ST. (Opp. Derry & Toms).
131 QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER, W.2

Grafton furs

The Grafton Fur Co., Ltd.

ANNOUNCE THAT THEIR ANNUAL

S A L E

OF

HIGH-GRADE

F U R S

IS NOW IN PROGRESS AT

EXCEPTIONALLY HEAVY REDUCTIONS

164
New Bond St.
London
W.1

AND WILL CONTINUE THROUGHOUT JANUARY

CANNES

The Leading Hotels:

THE CARLTON
The centre of all social life on the Croisette

THE MIRAMAR
with its own beach

THE MAJESTIC
Facing the Casino

THE PROVENCE
Overlooking Cannes
Moderate Terms
Large Free Garage
Park — Tennis

Winter in the Bavarian Alps

MUNICH
The principal town of Bavaria—the centre of culture of South Germany—central and point of departure for all journeys to the Bavarian Alps.
Noteworthy Sights: Deutsches Museum (German Museum), Alte und Neue Pinakothek (old and new Pinakothek), Residenzmuseum, etc.
Information and Prospectus from "Verkehrsverband München—Südbayern, Hauptbahnhof—Nordbau."

BERCHTESGADEN
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GERMAN
WINTER RESORT and WINTER SPORTS CENTRE.
RECUPERATION.
SUNSHINE.
SPORT.
Information from the "Verkehrsamt."

SANATORIUM.
Ebenhausen
2,300 ft. above sea level, near **Munich. For internal and nervous diseases as well as for convalescents** (infectious and mental cases not admitted). Physical, dietetic treatments, X-rays, etc.

GARMISCH PARTENKIRCHEN
Germany's Leading
WINTER SPORTS RESORT
Prospectus obtainable from the "Kurverwaltung"—Travel Bureaus—and the German Railways Information Bureau, 9, Queen's Gardens, London, W.2.

LEADING HOTELS.
ALPENHOF PARKHOTEL
PALASTHOTEL SONNENBICHL
(Golfhotel).

SANATORIUM.
DR. WIGGERS KURHEIM
The leading local Sanatorium. Combined with the Family Hotel
DR. WIGGERS KURHOF

"THE ROOF OF GERMANY"
The expansive plateau of the Zugspitze—
10,061 ft.
—is Europe's highest Ski-ing Paradise!
Come and stay at the new First-class Hotel
SCHNEEFERNERHAUS!

OBESITY
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER
BOX 89

FOR FASHIONABLE FUR COATS
of quality payable by easy monthly instalments OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH "SMARTWEAR." No references, no deposit required. Visit our extensive showrooms or write for beautiful illustrated Fur Catalogue (Fur Dept.).
SMARTWEAR LTD., Radnor House, 93-97, Regent Street, London, W.1.
'Phone: *Regent* 2371-2372.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.

CONSOMMÉ AUX QUENELLES.

TURBOT EN MATELOTE.

DINDE AUX HUÎTRES.
POMMES DE TERRE SAUTÉES,
CÉLERI BRAISÉ.

GÂTEAU À LA PARISIENNE.

BÂTONS DE CAVIAR.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Turbot en Matelot

TAKE two sliced onions, a large carrot, a bay-leaf, parsley, a clove of garlic, three cloves, some peppercorn, salt. Place these ingredients into three pints of boiling water, and after an hour's cooking, strain and return the liquor to the saucepan with half its quantity of white wine. Cut the turbot into pieces, boil it in the bouillon gently for twenty minutes, meanwhile fry some sliced onions and some mushrooms in butter, flavour them with pepper, salt and a pinch of mace, add some flour for thickening, and then sufficient of the liquor in which the fish was boiled to make the quantity of sauce, stir while it boils, and add the yolk of an egg. Pour this sauce over the fish and serve.

MENU.

—

Caviar de Beluga
Royal Whitstable Natives

—

Consommé Riche Veronese
Sacristain au Kümmel

—

Délice de Sole Lucullus

—

Suprême de Surrey Devonshire
Haricots Verts Frais

—

Vasque Strasbourgeoise à la gelée de Clicquot
Salade Caprice

—

Biscuit Glacé Hilda
Friandises

"Hectors."
Devonshire House. 16 *Decembre*, 1930.

The menu of the dinner-dance served on the opening night of the new restaurant, "Hector's," at Devonshire House, opposite the May Fair Hotel

Dinde aux Huîtres

STUFF a medium-sized turkey with the following ingredients: Chop 4 ozs. of suet finely, mix it with 6 ozs. of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, and nutmeg to taste. Take off the beards of two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor (strained) and, lastly, two eggs. Truss the bird and tie it in a cloth. Place it breast downwards in boiling water, and when it has come to the boil skim well and simmer gently for an hour and a half or longer, according to size. Serve with a thick béchamel sauce poured over, and a boiled tongue.

Gateau à la Parisienne

TAKE a fluted or melon-shaped sponge cake; scoop out the inside after cutting off a slice at the bottom, and fill up the vacant place with any kind of fruit purée; put the slice on to keep the purée in; glaze all over with mocha or coffee icing, and ornament before the icing has quite set with little silver balls, pistachio kernels, and dried cherries. Dish it up with whipped cream all round the base and shredded pistachios sprinkled over.

Bâtons de Caviar

ROLL out some puff-paste, cut it into neat oblong slices of even size, and bake to a golden colour. When baked, split open, fill each with caviar, close up, and spread over the top of each neatly with savoury butter or anchovy cream. Whip up a little, and decorate the surface of each with little stars. Dish up and serve.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Of Real Service

The Post Office London Directory for 1930, published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.2, is certain to find the same hearty welcome that was accorded its issues in previous years. Among the most useful features in this edition are the Classified Trades Directory, in which some 5,000 headings are given in alphabetical order, and the names, with addresses, are entered alphabetically under each trade description, the Commercial Directory giving, in an alphabetical list, the names and addresses of those carrying on any profession or business, together with particulars of the business and the telegraphic address and telephone numbers, a Private Residents' Directory, giving an alphabetical list with addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class houses, and a comprehensive Street Directory. In addition to these, special sections are devoted to Chambers of Commerce, Law, Transport, Hotel, etc., for the whole country, Banking, Parliamentary, Postal, Municipal and Clerical, and particulars of the Establishments of the various Government Departments, and a clear street plan This valuable book of reference may be obtained from the publishers at the above-named address, the cloth-bound edition costing 55s., post free, and the leather-bound edition, printed on tougher paper, is priced at 70s., post free.

Bollinger's Champagne

Though it must be admitted that the London season of 1930 has suffered somewhat through the general depression, there seems to have been no lack of appreciation of Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" by the general public. A high-class wine that has won its way to favour by sheer merit, it is invariably in evidence at social and sporting functions of every kind. Whether it be at a wedding reception, a hunt ball or breakfast, a racecourse meeting, or other festive gathering, Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" is always welcome. A delicate wine of rare elegance, the connoisseur will find it satisfies the most fastidious taste, while it has the additional merit of being moderate in price.

The Crown Prince of Belgium (right) at the Brussels Motor Exhibition, conversing with Messrs. Rootes' Continental representative on the Humber-Hillman stand. The King of the Belgians was another visitor to this stand, and commented on the high standard of engineering and finish of the Humber and Hillman cars

The Cunard Line's Winter Cruises

Three cruises from Great Britain will be made by the 20,000-ton liner Laconia. On January 20 the Laconia will sail from Liverpool for the West Indies. Passengers will also join the ship at Avonmouth on January 21. This is the first time this port has been used as a cruise call by Cunard ships. The cruise will last 43 days and cover over 12,500 miles. March will be occupied by a voyage from Southampton to the Atlantic Isles and Mediterranean ports. The Laconia will sail from Southampton on March 7, returning on March 28. Business and professional men will find the Laconia's third cruise particularly interesting. Covering the Easter holiday, this 16 days' cruise includes visits to various Mediterranean ports. The Laconia sails from Southampton on March 31, returning on April 16. The Mauretania will again make her annual cruise to the Mediterranean in February and March. She sails from Villefranche for Southampton on March 23, a date worth remembering by people who contemplate returning home from the Riviera about that time.

Full of Fun

Starr Wood's Annual, "The Snark," is a remarkably cheery little production full of amusing illustrations and sketches, published at 1s. It cannot fail to amuse those wise enough to buy it.

El[illegible], Spain.

Granada, Spain.
Partial view of the Alhambra.

Sunny Spain

DO not miss the opportunity of visiting sunny Spain this winter . . . The land of romance, Art, and health resorts. You will never forget it if you do, and you would never forgive yourself if you knew what you were missing. Modern accommodation suited to every budget.

For all Information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at Paris, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; New York, 695 Fifth Avenue; Rome, 9 Via Condotti; Munich, 6 Residenzstrasse; Buenos Aires, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; Gibraltar, 63-67 Main Street. At London and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

Peñiscola, Spain.
General View.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross) ('Phone: Tem. 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15.
GRAND INTERNATIONAL
VARIETY PROGRAMME.

REGAL Marble Arch
Padd. 9911
OWEN NARES and
DODO WATTS with
JACQUELINE LOGAN
in "THE MIDDLE WATCH."
ON THE STAGE:
"SANTA'S SURPRISE," an Xmas Fantasy.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Visitors repeatedly return to
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
Its comfort, its unique position on England's sunniest coast, make this hotel one of the most popular with very critical visitors. 100 bedrooms, Central and electric heating, English food and famous chef. Inclusive terms from 4½ guineas.

Sunshine and Sea Breezes!
ST. AUSTELL
BAY HOTEL, PAR, CORNWALL
MOST IDEAL WINTER RESORT IN ENGLAND
Mild and Equable Health-giving Sea Breezes.
18-Hole Golf Course, Hard Tennis Courts, Hot and Cold Sea Baths, Central Heating Vita Glass Sun Lounges. Dancing: Famous West Country Band.
Inclusive Terms from October-April—4½ gns. Weekly
Apply Manager or London Office: 118, Newgate Street, E.C.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AGAY (Var)
HOTEL des ROCHES ROUGES
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SITUATION BETWEEN ST. RAPHAEL AND CANNES.
PENSION TERMS 65 TO 100 frs.

BEAULIEU-SUR-MER — All comfort
Terms from Fs. 50 — HOTEL VICTORIA

WINTER SPORTS AT
CHAMONIX-MONT-BLANC FRANCE
HÔTEL DE MILAN FR. FS. 50

HYÈRES
HOTEL DES AMBASSADEURS
Full South. Garden. Lovely view. Rooms with bath. Car to Golf.
Moderate Terms

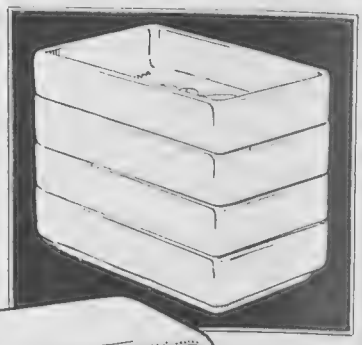
Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

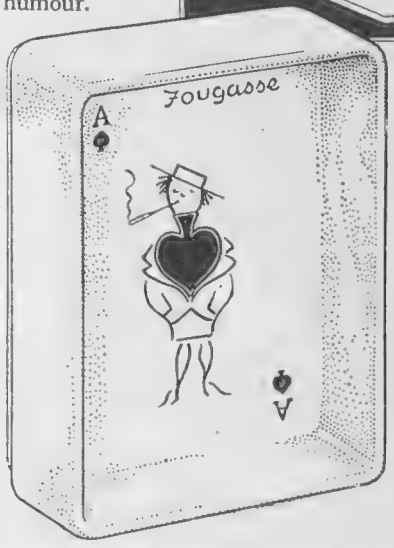
NICE—ASTORIA HOTEL
PENSION FROM Frs. 70.

NICE — GRAND HOTEL DE CIMIEZ
and PAVILLON VICTORIA
The largest park on the Riviera. Latest Comfort. Moderate Terms.

NICE—GD. HOTEL DU MONT-BORON.
Unique situation overlooking the Baie des Anges.
Every comfort. Terms from Frs. 60 incl. Motor service to Place Messéna.

ACES AND FACES
By "FOUGASSE"
A Set of Porcelain Ash Trays for the Bridge Table, on which the Ace of every suit is animated with delightful and ingenious humour.





The Perfect Gift for Bridge Players

Price 12/6 for the nest of four trays.
(By inland registered Post 9d extra.)

This is only one of the many Novelties to be obtained exclusively at
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

ST. RAPHAEL—HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE
The best situation on Sea Front.
Renowned Restaurant Bar—Grill-room—Garage—Sea Bathing—Tennis—Casino.

ST. RAPHAËL - LE GRAND HOTEL
Splendid situation in large grounds.
Moderate prices - All comfort.

ST. RAPHAËL - THE HERMITAGE
Splendid position - Full South.
All comfort - Incl. Terms from Fs. 60.

GOLF HOTEL—VALESCURE
Dancing — Orchestra. On the Links.

When replying to advertisements please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
Bankers: Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

STOCKTAKING SALE

COMMENCES Monday, January 5th & CONTINUES until JANUARY 24th

ATTRACTIVE FUR COATS worked from reliable squirrel skins, in new shades of viadka bamboo and sand

Sale Price **39** Gns.

PYJAMAS in floral nunsveiling, jumper top trimmed net, plain coloured trousers. On pink, white, yellow, sky, and green grounds with floral design.

Sale Price **12/9**

NIGHTDRESS in nunsveiling trimmed cream net, **10/9.**

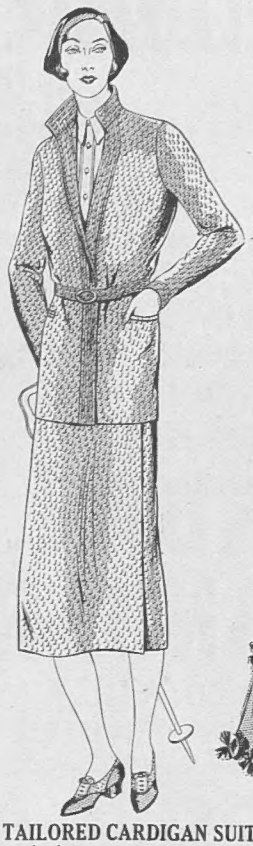
Post orders accepted.

MAN-TAILORED SUITS TO ORDER DURING THE SALE from 8½ gns.

FUR-TRIMMED COATS in light weight Scotch woollen tweeds, trimmed collar of kid paw, lined throughout In pastel beige only.

Sale Price **84/-**

Original Price 6½ Gns.



TAILORED CARDIGAN SUIT made in our own workrooms in various tweeds, and different sizes, particularly suitable for early spring wear.

Sale Price **98/6**

Original Price 8½ Gns.

DELIGHTFUL TEA FROCKS in various materials and colours, different styles, of which sketch in net with bands of ruched taffeta is an example.

Sale Price **9½** Gns.

WONDERFUL VALUE: 150 SPUN SILK VESTS, coloured border, and silk ribbon shoulder straps. In white with pink, green, coral, sky and mauve borders.

Sale Price **15/9**

Perfect fitting Tights to match, **15/9.**

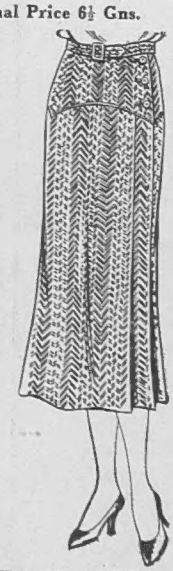
RICH SILKS HALF PRICE

WASHING SATIN BEAUTÉ BLOUSE, stitched in toning shades. In grey, beige, and other colours; also ivory stitched black or navy. Sizes 42, 44 and 46.

Sale Price **35/9**

In size 48, **45/9**

Post orders accepted.

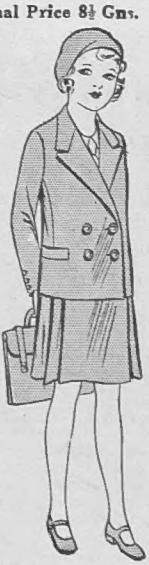


WELL TAILORED SKIRT in a variety of different tweeds and suitings designed with fitting yoke and pleats at side.

Sale Price **29/6**

Original Price 49/6.

Sale Catalogue post free.



GIRLS' TAILORED SUITS in fine quality grey hopsack, smaller sizes have pleated skirts on bodices. Sizes 26 to 38 inches

Sale Price **55/-**

Original Prices 6 to 7½ Gns.

GIRLS' THREE-PIECE SUITS in pure wool yarn, various styles and colours, of which sketch is an example. For ages 10 to 15 years.

Sale Price **29/6**

Original Prices 55/- to 78/6.

REMNANT DAYS FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Wigmore Street & Welbeck Street, London, W.1

GALERIES LAFAYETTE LTD.

Tel.: Regent 6740 REGENT STREET, W.1

TO REMAIN TRUE TO OUR MOTTO, "MOST UP-TO-DATE AND INEXPENSIVE IN THE WORLD," WE MUST NEVER CARRY STOCK FROM ONE SEASON TO ANOTHER; HENCE WE ARE OFFERING DURING OUR SALE, COMMENCING

MONDAY, 5th JANUARY,

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS AT MOST STARTLING REDUCTIONS

WINTER SALE

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

MONTE CARLO
HOTEL METROPOLE

Standing in its own palm and flower gardens, and overlooking the Casino and Bay of Monaco.

CANNES
HOTEL METROPOLE

In its own park of 30 acres, and possessing perfect tennis courts. Hotel motor service to and from the station, town and golf links.

BEAULIEU
HOTEL BRISTOL

Situated between Nice and Monte Carlo. Seven perfect tennis courts. Karel Kozeluh, the world's lawn tennis champion, is the professional in attendance.

MANAGING DIRECTOR——— FRANCIS TOWLE

Gorringes Sale — *for three weeks only!*

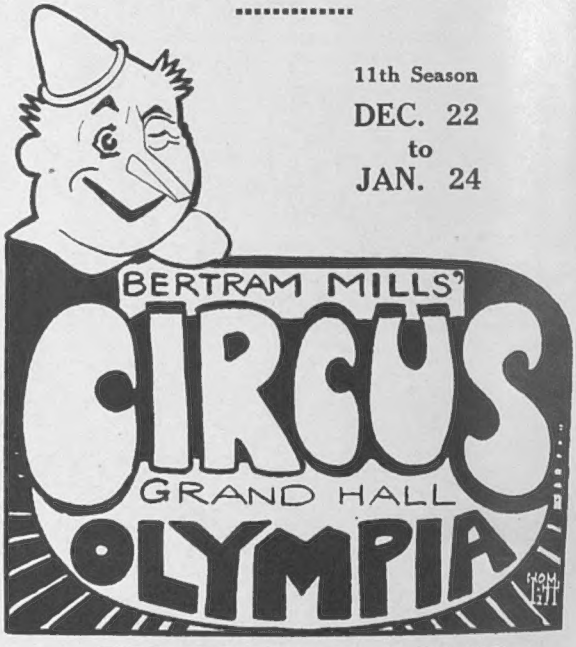
BEGINS MONDAY JANUARY 5TH.

GENUINE REDUCTIONS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Sale Issue of Gorringes Gazette Post free

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.
Frederick Gorringe Ltd. Telephone Victoria 8600

It's Unique and Stunning



11th Season
DEC. 22
to
JAN. 24

TWICE DAILY
at 2.30 and 7.30

Reserved Seats 10/6, 7/6, 5/9, 3/6; Unreserved 2/4
BOX OFFICE, OLYMPIA, W.14
Riverside 2727 (5 lines)
and usual Agencies and Libraries
Admission to FUN FAIR ONLY, 1/2

Has No Ugly Hair Now

"Before I discovered Veet I used a razor to remove unsightly hair from my arms and legs, but it always made the hair grow faster and thicker. I was amazed to find that I could actually banish superfluous hair with Veet in only a few minutes, so that not a trace of it remained. My skin is now as white and soft as if there never had been any ugly hair."

Simply apply Veet as it comes from the tube, then rinse away the hairs. No fuss. No bother. Nothing complicated. Satisfactory results guaranteed, or money refunded.

VEET

Travel Comfort

For months you have been planning and looking forward to "your trip." Do not overlook the one thing that will contribute more to your comfort and pleasure than anything else.

Mothersill's "insures" the success of your trip by preventing and stopping all travel sickness. You can journey anywhere by Sea, Air, Train or Auto without distress. Be sure "Mothersill's" is part of your medicine kit.

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

For Sale by Chemists 78

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

London Montreal New York Paris

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp. — **Grand Hotel de Londres,** 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First-class. A model of comfort. A.A., R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev.rm.V.lge.garden.

Cannes.—Balmoral.—Newly built. Reasonable prices. English director. Longhni, Prop., late Windsor, Monte Carlo.

Cannes. — Hotel Beaulieu. — Elevated Situation. Large Park. Tennis. Garage. Moderate Terms. Aeschliman, Propr.

Cannes.—Hotel Gonnet. On the Croisette. The old French cuisine. Inclusive terms from 19/-.

Cannes.—Hotel Royal.—Facing sea, on the Croisette. Open all year. Inclusive terms Fs. 60-120.

Winter in Corsica.
Splendid Hotel, Ile-Rousse.
Near Golf Links.

Hyères. — Continental. — Elevated. Fine sea view. Large park. Most comfortable. Inclusive terms from Frs. 45.

Juan-les-Pins.—Hostellerie des Pins Parasols.—Charming fam. hotel with quiet park nr. beach. Ev. com. Board Frs. 55 and up.

Les Lecques.—St. Cyr (nr. Toulon). Hostellerie de la Plage. Tennis. Sea view. Modern comfort. Pension from Frs. 50.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Megeve (Hte. Savoie).—Hotel du Mont d'Arbois. Ideal cen. ski-ing and win. sports. 4,166 ft. alt. All com. Rly. sta. Sallanches.

Menton (A.M.)—Two really good Hotels. **The Carlton.**—Seaside, most comfortable. **The Gallia.**—In its palm garden.

Menton.—Hotel Mediterranée.—150 rms. All comforts. Pos. quite central. Full sth. Very large garden. Tennis court. Concerts.

Hotel de Menton et du Midi.—Select residential hotel. Full south. Sea front, central. Famous restaurant.

Menton.—Hotel Royal and Westminster. Best known Hotel on the sea front. Moderate terms.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—World renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny.

Menton.—Winter Palace.—Best situation. Every luxury. **Iles Britanniques.**—First class family hotel. Same management.

Monte Carlo (Monaco). — Etrangers. — Sunny and quiet. First class Hotel. Full pension, including tax, from Frs. 55.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—70 Rooms. Sea View. All Comforts. Full Pension from Frs. 45.

Monte Carlo. — Hotel Windsor. — High class family Hotel. Full South. Garden. Spacious lounge and bridge room.

Nice.—Westminster.—On the Promenade des Anglais. Rooms from Fs. 50. Pension from Fs. 100.

Pau(B.Pyrenées).—Beaumont House, Place Royale, facing British Club: High-class family hotel. Moderate terms.

PARIS.

Atlantic Hotel.—44, Rue de Londres (near Gare St. Lazare).

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.
Fur. appts. for sojourn. **89 Av. de Neuilly,**

NEUILLY s/Seine. Modern comf., near Bois de Boulogne. Fine view on garden.

Hotel de Noailles. 9, Rue de la Michodière. Near Opera. Latest comfort. Moderate Terms. Tel. Adr.: Otelnoail 111—Paris.

Hotel du Rhone.—5, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, 5—(Louvre). All mod. com. Pen. terms: 9s. to 12s. Eng. speak. staff.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Terminus-Lyon Hotel.
Facing P.L.M. station.
Last comfort. Rooms from 25 Frs.

Versailles (S. & O.). For a long stay in Paris live at **"Le Home Versaillais,"** 58, Rue du Maréchal Foch. Cheap, comfortable, quiet.

ITALY.

Bordighera.— Hotel Continental. — First class. All comfort. 40 private baths. Pension from 40 lire inc. Best cooking.

Naples.—Parker's Hotel. The only first-rate hostelry for Eng. Tourists. Beautifully sit. on the Corso Vittorio Emanuelle. Overlooking Bay, Capri, Vesuvius and the City.

Sunny San Remo. — The Royal. — 200 rooms. 120 baths. Apply for our brochure. M. Bertolini, Proprietor.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Opp. Federal Railway Sta. First class, leading. Every mod. comf. Manag. Prop., E. Goetzinger.

Basle.—Grand Hotel Victoria-National.
First Class—Renovated.
Opposite the Central Station.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Chesières-Villars. Hotel Belvedere. Every rm. a sunny rm. with bal. & run'g. h. & c. water. Ex. cooking. Incl. Terms fm. 12 sh.

Chesières-Villars.—Le Chamossaire. Fam. Hotel. Bright and comfortable. Free service of sleighs to Villars, 10 minutes.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—Every comfort. Moderate charges. Beautiful park. View over lake and Mt. Blanc. Tennis. Garage. Ideal stay for a holiday.

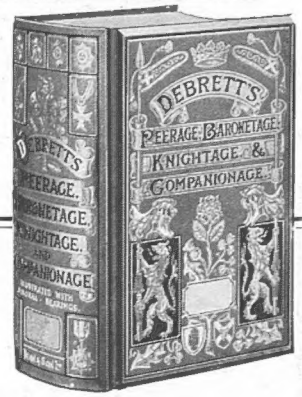
Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Entirely up to date. New management. Former prices reduced.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathrooms. Inc. terms, Frs. 13 to 18.

Lenzerheide.—Hotel Danis. 4,870 ft. a.s.l. 1st. cl. fam. and sp. hot. Avoid E. wind in Feb. & Mar. and enjoy sun in Lenzerheide.

Pontresina (Engadine). The Schweizerhof for Win. Sports. Very sun. pos. H. and c. water. Terms from 17 frs. J. Walther, Man.

St. Moritz.—Hotel la Margna. Distinguished Family Hotel. Every Comfort. Moderate Terms. Band. E. Ulli, Manager.



The Standard Peerage for 1931

NOW READY

A BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST

Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred. Essential to everyone.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles) **BARONETAGE** (with Index)

KNIGHTAGE (with Issue)

and COMPANIONAGE (Biographical)

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

A Veritable Dictionary giving millions of facts and dates

Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE

Clear, accurate, and easy of Reference. All Alphabetically arranged. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings. Over 3,400 pages.

Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, 75/- net.; or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, 35/- net; and Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 45/- net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,
Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Two Steeples
NO. 83 SOCKS & GOLF HOSE
MADE FROM ST. WOLSTAN WOOL

GOLF

Sports Coat and Plus Fours from **5** Guineas To Order.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

FREDK. POOLE & CO.

New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE (Near Oxford Circus).
Tel. Regent 3104.
Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

THE SHILLING MAY BUY MORE IN 1931

BUT NOT A BETTER MAGAZINE THAN

BRITANNIA AND EVE

"She had been with him often before: done a Henley Saturday afternoon with him, played tennis with his party at Ranelagh, gone for long drives—dangerous with passion—to dine with him out in the country. Every time she had thought to herself what it might mean; but she had been so unsure. She had looked into the distance at the anxious years . . . But she had never let go, yet.

Now within her reach were happiness and safety. She was a lovely girl; and this night she had a quality of such unearthly brilliance that, just for her moment, she could have had the whole restaurant at her feet.

They rose and danced merely to be in each other's arms.

A woman had small, practical thoughts even in the midst of the love-making on the homeward drive. She didn't want him to come up to her tiny flat and see it in the unattractive disorder in which she had been obliged to leave it to-night. . . .

In "EVERYWOMAN" Part I. by MAY EDGINTON — A brilliant problem portrait of Modern Marriage.

A NEW PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE

It is the dream of every woman to shop in Paris. The tales of Parisian chic and originality are both fabulous and well founded—yet how few of us can afford the time or the money, can leave our homes and families on such an errand!

Commencing with the current issue, BRITANNIA & EVE will illustrate many articles of personal and home adornment peculiarly Parisian, which will be bought for you in Paris and sent to you post free by the new BRITANNIA & EVE Shopping Service.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW OF THIS SERVICE

"PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GANGSTER" by C. Patrick Thompson
"EVERYWOMAN" Part I; By May Edginton
"BERLIN AFTER DARK" by Negley Farson
SOCIETY IN CARICATURE by Autori
"STRAIGHT FROM PRISON" by Christine Jope-Slade
"THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS" by Arthur Mills
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY"; THE STORY OF JOANNA THE CRUEL, described by Norman Hill. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"SHOULD MEN TAKE THE BLAME . . . ?" by Rosita Forbes
"WHEN FREDERICK LONSDALE WAS BROKE" by William Pollock
"EMA, EMA, E" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"TELEVISION" by Hannen Swaffer
"THE EXPANSION OF SCREEN SCOPE" by Sydney Tremayne
"DESERT BRED" by Achmed Abdulla
"BOOKS" by Arnold Palmer
"THE GERMAN GIRL—AND HER GRANDMOTHER" by Jan and Cora Gordon
"THE RED FLAG": THE DRAGON WAKES, by F. Britten Austin
"PARISIANA" by H. Pearl Adam
"PARTIES FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION"
WHAT IS BEING WORN IN LONDON TO-DAY BY THE REALLY SMART WOMAN
"YOUR PEN GIVES YOU AWAY" by Robert Saudek
"THE LADY ON THE SCALE" by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne

NEW Features. NEW Ideas. NEW Stories—as good as the old ones that have made Britannia and Eve famous the world over.

THE JANUARY ISSUE IS ON SALE NOW — EVERYWHERE

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. December 31, 1930.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.